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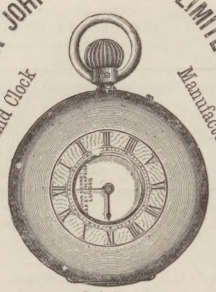

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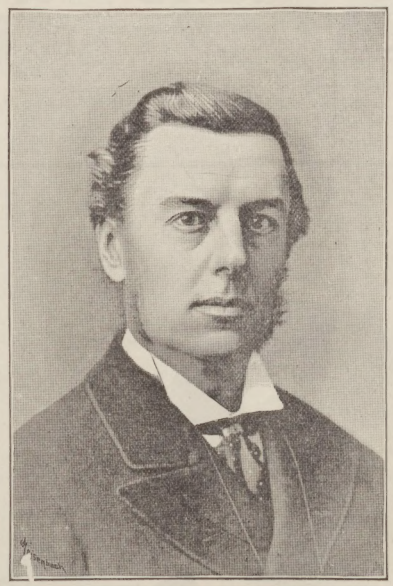
## PERSONAL POLITICS



**Mr. Chamberlain.**

IN this weekly show of celebrities I don't think I have ever had occasion to say anything about Mr. Chamberlain. But Mr. Chamberlain is to-day the man about whom politicians are talking most, so perhaps I had better add my impressions to theirs. I have heard many descriptions of the member for West Birmingham—from friends, from foes, and from neutral observers of his character and career—but the best of all of them, I think, was that given me by Mrs. Crawford, the brilliant Paris Correspondent of the *Daily News*. "Mr. Chamberlain," she said, "is a man of the new age—the age of machines, of telegraphs, of railways. He is all go, pressure, activity." Of course that is a bit of character-sketching the accuracy of which would be disputed by a good many people who have in mind Mr. Chamberlain's later developments; but, in the main, I think it is still true. Mr. Chamberlain has changed the bent of his activities, but he is the same restless, impatient, go-ahead creature that he was in 1885, when Mrs. Crawford described him to me. Great knowledge, tempered judgment, patient pursuit of his object are not peculiar qualities of his—and never were. He changes his point of view rapidly. For instance, a few months ago he was strongly of opinion that the Unionists should formally join the Conservatives, and, he argued his point with all his accustomed impetuousness and vigour. Now he has apparently reverted to an older idea of his—viz., the formation of a new Nationalist Party: the Conservatives to change their name, and the Unionists theirs. He thought of this when the first split occurred, and, you will see, he will go driving on at it till, perhaps, he gets his way. This would, of course, give Mr. Chamberlain the vent for his energies which he has long wanted, and has never, indeed, completely found since he made his new departure.

**His Charge against Mr. Gladstone.**

What has been disturbing the politicians so sorely in Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches is, of course, his charge against Mr. Gladstone that he obtained the votes of certain gentlemen for his Home Rule Bill by promising them honours—such as Peerages and Baronetcies. Well, of course, it is quite out of the question to suppose that any such actual bargain was ever made. No statesman, on either side, since the days of Pitt and Newcastle, or perhaps a little later, would ever do such a very foolish, as well as such a very shady, thing. But, all the same, when I see politicians drawing such very long and stern faces at the mere idea that such plums as Peerages and pensions have nothing to do with politics as they are conducted on the present party lines, I confess I laugh in my sleeve. It is the most ordinary thing in the world for a man who is no longer wanted in a Government, but whose vote and influence are of consequence, to receive a *solatium* in the shape of a seat in the Upper House. There are scores of notorious instances of the kind. Peerages are also a reward for large money gifts to a party. Lord Ardilaun, Lord Brassey, and Lord Wolverton's Peerages were more or less acknowledgments "in kind" of services of a very substantial character to the Liberal and Conservative parties. In the same way Lord Lansdowne, as a rather dangerous Whig Peer, was shipped off to Canada when Irish politics were to the front. I confess I see nothing very creditable in this kind of tactics, whether they are pursued by Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury. The excuse of all Premiers, however, is that it always has been done, and always must be done, if parties are to be kept together, and supplied with the necessary funds. Of course there is no longer anything like the kind of bribery that Walpole or Pitt practised, and Mr. Gladstone in particular has the credit of utterly stopping the virtual sale of bishoprics and Church patronage in general in exchange for political services. In a word, the Augean stables are cleansed, so far as anything like actual bribery goes, but so long as a Prime Minister has his *quid* in the shape of peerages and honours and commands in his coat-pocket, and a certain number of gentlemen have their *quo* in the shape of votes, money, and influence, I confess my strong belief that some kind of an exchange will always go on.

**Father McFadden.**

After the Chamberlain speeches, the trial of Father McFadden and twenty-two of his parishioners for murder and conspiracy is a notable event of the week. I do not take party sides in this column, but, as I know Father McFadden well, a word or two about him may be interesting. Imagine a strongly built man, rather under the middle height, with iron-grey hair, and a strangely youthful face, irregular features, the broad nose of the Celt—in a word, a man, at first sight, plain enough to the eye. But it is wonderful how the face grows upon you, and how the extraordinary talent of the man—which is admitted by friends and foes—impresses you as you talk with him. One is not surprised that Father McFadden is the most powerful and popular parish priest in Ireland, and, when one remembers the character of his Donegal parishioners, the remarkable tales you hear of his influence explain themselves. Here is a man of great knowledge, great powers of speech, strong views, considerable legal skill, and boundless enthusiasm, serving two chapels and ministering to some thousands of souls, in one of the poorest, most desolate, most abandoned—as one may say—parts of Ireland. The result has been a spiritual and moral ascendency which we cannot understand here. For years and years I believe that no case of disputes among the Gweedore peasantry has ever gone to the Gweedore Court-house. It is always closed, except when a special Crimes Act is in force for the trial of agrarian offences. Father McFadden decides all other cases himself. Before he came to Gweedore, the chief pursuit of the peasantry was the making of "potheen," the whisky made in illicit stills. Now the Gweedore folk are teetotalers to a man. Further, this parish, situated in one of the poorest districts in Ireland, where the people live on potatoes till January, and for the rest of the year on Indian meal, is the only district in Catholic Ireland where the population is actually increasing. School after school has been built—some actually on the property of hostile landlords. Practically, indeed, Father McFadden is King and High Priest of Gweedore. He is one of the most advanced Nationalists in Ireland.

**The Duke of Edinburgh.**

I see that the Duke of Edinburgh has, according to the gossips, virtually decided to break his connection with English society, and to identify himself more closely with his wife's country. That is no doubt an exaggerated statement, but I suspect there is some truth in it. The reason alleged is that the Duke strongly disapproves of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Everybody knows that the Prince of Wales had an equal objection to his sister's marriage with the Marquis of Lorne, and that Prince Henry of Battenberg has always been coldly regarded by his brother-in-law. Now it is the Duke's turn, and, as he is a man of reserved manners, he is, perhaps, the least popular of the Queen's sons, both his brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, taking after their great-uncle, the Sailor-King, so far as their personal address goes. What the Duke will miss more than anything else will be the discontinuance of his career as a sailor. He is passionately attached to his profession, and, according to officers who have served under him, is a really good sailor. He excels especially in the manœuvring of ships. The ground of complaint in relation to his command of the Mediterranean was not so much on his personal account—for, though a grave, he is not a discourteous man—as on that of what was generally known as "the Duke's set." Undoubtedly there were officers in this coterie who were allowed—or allowed themselves—some very improper privileges, which were keenly resented by the rest of the command. Another objection was the money that used to be spent on special excursions for the convenience of the Duchess, without much regard to the exigencies of her Majesty's service. However, all said and done, there is no doubt that the Duke is an able officer, and that his withdrawal is something of a loss to the Navy.

**Enter George Nathaniel.**

So I understand that the new Under-Secretary for the Home Department is to be Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon, who takes the place of young Mr. Wortley when he goes to the Deputy Chair at the Customs, and exchanges his £1500 a year for a permanency at the same figure. I think I have already sketched Mr. Curzon in this column, but the publication of his travels in Central Asia has given him a new hold on public interest. There is no doubt that in giving him the first lift-up in the Ministry, Lord Salisbury, usually rather slow in recognising young men, has shown an unusually keen instinct in the rising talent of his party. Perhaps Mr. Hanbury would have been a solider addition to the Government, but then the Member for Preston is an ally of Lord Randolph, and Randolphians are just now rigidly taboo with the Conservative party. Mr. Curzon is the more brilliant man of the two, is an accomplished orator of the debating society order, has never made a mistake, is handsome, correct, level-headed, and has not committed the impertinence of differing from his leader. His speeches are as finished as his attire, and as well-set as his necktie. He is an old President of the Oxford Union, he has aristocratic connections, he writes well, with the journalist's knack, he is always ready to increase his store of knowledge, and he has an excellent opinion of himself. He is the man about whom you may bet your bottom dollar that he will be an Under-Secretary one day and a Chief Secretary the next, with the chance of finally climbing to the top of the tree.

**The Commission Again.**

I expect, though it is not finally decided, that when Sir Henry James has summed up the case for the *Times*, Mr. Sexton will make some kind of a speech for the defence. I think that the Irish leaders would have been well advised to commission Mr. Sexton to make a lengthened and formal oration. That is Mr. Sexton's forte. When he is at his best, he recalls the great days of Irish oratory. Two of his speeches in the House of Commons are historic, and contain as brilliant passages as any in modern Parliamentary history. His fault is over-elaboration. I have known Mr. Sexton deliver as many as sixteen perorations—all wonderfully eloquent, and all equally adapted for the winding-up of the speech. Nevertheless, for fire, rush, impetuosity, wit, and sarcasm — as well as sometimes for sustained argument and able grouping of complicated facts—Mr. Sexton can, as I said, outrival any of his contemporaries. But then he does not do this every day, and you must catch him at his best.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

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**To the Camelot Series** of standard works, edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, has just been added one of the gems of English fiction—Charlotte Brontë's powerful novel of "Jane Eyre," which cannot fail to command many thousand fresh readers in its present cheap form. Mr. Walter Scott's popular Camelot Series comes as a boon and a blessing to readers who cannot afford to buy expensive editions.

**A Point of Ethics.**—The porter who the other day found something like £50 in a railway-carriage and received one shilling from the owner of the money is generally held to have been most inadequately rewarded. But is a man justified in accepting any reward at all in such a case, beyond the merest pecuniary compensation for possible loss of time in returning the property? Is it not a degrading thing to expect to be paid for not stealing? The man who accepts a premium on honesty confesses himself a potential thief—surely a humiliating position.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**Mr. Robert Browning** writes from Asolo last week in excellent health and spirits. He has been there for six weeks, and says of the place: "It remains what it first conceived it to be, 'the most beautiful spot I was ever privileged to see.'" The MS. of his new volume, some thirty poems, long and short, "some few written here, all revised and copied," was forwarded last week to Messrs. Smith and Elder. Mr. Browning proposes to stay at Asolo for a week or more, and then proceed to stay at Venice, where he will spend a month as his son's guest at the Rezzonico Palace, and then journey homewards.—*The World*.

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THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

## FACTS AND FACES.

### King Luis I. of Portugal.

The curtain has fallen on the reign of a sagacious, a personally popular, and an intellectual Sovereign, King Luis the First (of whom a portrait is given on the front page) had endeared himself to the People of Portugal as a prudent and just Leader and as a Constitutional Monarch who encouraged the Arts of Peace. Second son of Donna Maria II., Queen of Portugal, and of Dom Fernando, Prince of Saxe-Coburg, he was born in October 1838, began life in the Portuguese Navy, wherein he secured the rank of Captain; and he succeeded his brother, Pedro V., as King of Portugal in 1861. King Luis I. espoused Pia, youngest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, in 1862, and had two sons, Dom Carlos and Dom Alfonso. King Luis (who was but fifty-one when he died on Saturday morning in his Palace, comforted to the last by the Queen) had distinguished himself quite recently by his moderation and good sense in counsel when the Delagoa Bay Difficulty with Great Britain bore an ugly aspect. In view of the increased development of British enterprise we shall probably see forthwith displayed in South Africa, since our Government has granted a Charter to the British Zambesi Company, who are about to embark on one of the greatest undertakings of our times, it is sincerely to be hoped King Carlos will follow in his father's footsteps whenever English and Portuguese interests may seem to clash in El Dorado.

### A Royal Author.

The late King of Portugal was an enthusiastic admirer of Shakspere, and, what is rare among foreigners, he thoroughly understood our great poet, having taken pains to acquire a complete knowledge of the words, phrases, and allusions in Shakspere's works which have, in the lapse of time, become obsolete. The King, on the occasion of his three visits to this country, lost no opportunity of making himself further acquainted with the poet's works, and he published translations of "Hamlet" and three other plays. An unscrupulous publisher pirated "Hamlet," and, bringing it out at a low price, issued a number of editions. The King was greatly annoyed, but the proceeding really answered his intention, which was to make Shakspere known in Portugal. Visitors from England who were received by the King generally made a point of looking up the works of the poet, in case they should be referred to, as was often the case.

### The New King and Queen of Portugal,

the Duke and Duchess of Braganza, are delineated from portraits published when they came to England in 1887 to attend her Majesty's Jubilee Thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey. Fair and solid-headed, the Duke of Braganza struck those who saw him in London at that period as one of the most capable and sensible of Princes. Born on Sept. 28, 1863, Dom Carlos was married in 1886 to the daughter of the Comte de Paris, and has adopted the style and title of King Carlos I. His Majesty has received the heartfelt condolences of Queen Victoria and President Carnot, and of all his brother European Sovereigns; and, to judge from the liberal tone of his first proclamation, will prove a worthy successor to Luis I.

### The Royal Marriage at Athens.

There will be a large assemblage of our Royal family and of the House of Hohenzollern in Athens to celebrate the marriage of the young couple portrayed on the present page. The Prince and Princess of Wales (who have been magnificently fêted in Venice) will take especial interest in the coming ceremony, since it is the fine, frank, manly young nephew of our favourite Princess that is to marry a doubtlessly charming niece of our genial Prince. The Empress Frederick, with the fair young bride, Princess Sophie, and her three sisters, left Berlin for Athens last Saturday amid loyal and friendly acclamations; and one may be allowed to hope that in the music of the wedding march our Princess Royal may forget her own abiding sorrow. Princess Sophie of Prussia is one of the most gentle, winsome daughters of the Empress Frederick. She has a brilliant complexion. A Princess of cultivated tastes, she is pretty sure to make an excellent Queen of Greece when the time arrives for her Royal and Imperial Highness to ascend the Throne with her stalwart husband-lover as King. Princess Sophie Dorothée Ulrique Alice (to give her Christian names in full) was born on June 14, 1870—memorable year for her native land—and will thus be going on for twenty when she is united to the Crown Prince of Greece. Theirs is quite a love-match, I am happy to learn. The Duke of Sparta is said to have fallen in love with Princess Sophie in Berlin two years ago, when some of us who caught sight of the good-humoured young Prince at the theatre with the Prince and Princess of Wales fancied he was enamoured of Princess Victoria or Princess Maud of Wales. What if it should turn out to be true, after all, that a Greek Emperor Constantine and a Greek Empress Sophie should be the means of restoring the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople to Christian worship?

### Plimsoll to the Rescue!

I am happy to learn that Mr. Samuel Plimsoll has again proved his right to the name of "The Sailor's Friend." Mr. Plimsoll has buckled to, and has written another powerful appeal for further Parliamentary protection of our gallant seamen. Read it; and acknowledge there is yet a sweet cherub who sits up aloft and looks after Poor Jack!

### More Pay for the Postman.

A case, to which there have been only too many of similar character, came before the Common Serjeant at the Old Bailey on Monday. James Canner, aged twenty-nine, who has been in receipt of 14s. a week as an auxiliary postman, was sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing three postal orders. It transpired, in evidence, that the man had had abundant family trouble, two children buried and one child born—all with 14s. a week. It was further stated that during the fog of last New Year's Day the man walked into the water of the Bermondsey Canal, and saved his letter-bag at the risk of his life, this being followed by some days of illness. Now, I want to know whether, under all these circumstances, six months' hard labour is not a barbarous punishment; also, how much longer we are going to add an annual million to the revenue out of the flesh and blood of men to whom, in a sense, are daily entrusted the whole wealth of the nation?

### Post-Office Reform.

Mrs. Fawcett has just written a short biography of her husband for "Chambers's Encyclopædia," in which she says that Professor Fawcett, when Postmaster-General, refused to regard the General Post-Office simply as a department of revenue. I wish that spirit might become more and more acceptable to the powers that be. We don't want the Post-Office subsidised here as it is in some countries. Let it, by all means, pay its way, but not do more than this, if it can only be done by underpaying its servants and by barring the way to salutary reforms. Of these reforms, the sheet of letter-paper, with its halfpenny stamp and its prepared and gummed edge, as in Italy, will be the most useful. A halfpenny letter-post ought not to be long in coming. To England belongs the glory of initiating the modern postal system, but every traveller on the Continent feels that in many particulars we have been surpassed. The parcel post is more conveniently managed, and so is the money-order system; and the facilities for posting letters—in trains and elsewhere—are far greater.

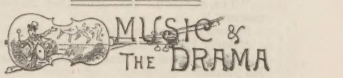
### Classic and Popular Operas.

Mr. Augustus Harris is already in the field providing his Covent-Garden programme of 1890, which he intends shall include some severely classic operas, one of them being Gluck's "Orfeo," with Madame Scalchi in the character of the heroine. The Wagnerites are rather vexed because Mr. Harris does not go heart and soul into the production of their idol's works, and threaten to make an anti-Gluck demonstration. If so, it will be a revival of the old feud which took place in Paris between the Gluckists and the Piccinists. There was a laughable squabble a few years ago at Vienna about Offenbach, whose comic operas for a time eclipsed all others, and called forth a protest to the effect that "the country of Beethoven and Bach ought to be ashamed of its musical taste." Whereupon a lover of Offenbach sent some verses on the subject to a Viennese journal, one of which I remember. As nearly as I can give it in English, it ran thus—

If Offenbach should please us
More than the fugues of Bach,
We will not have Bach often,
But often Offenbach.

It is impossible to get the exact ring and rattle of the German rhymes, but there is the idea.

THE PROMPTER.




London has plenty of playhouses, and to spare, at present. What the state of things will be when, in addition to existing theatres, Mrs. Langtry will reopen the St. James's after Christmas, and the New Year will see Mr. D'Oyly Carte's grand new Temple of Music in Shaftesbury-avenue, the brand-new Olympic being built for Wilson Barrett, and other new houses running as well, I don't know. One good result would be a general reduction all round of the exorbitant scale of admission to the West-End Theatres. Meantime, I have to wish well to Miss Loie Fuller, a talented American actress, in her Globe campaign, which she has commenced with the American play of "Caprice," the plot recalling Amy Sedgwick in "An Unequal Match." The enormous sale of this Paper rendering it necessary for us to go to press extremely early, I have to postpone comment on "Caprice."

There is no fare brighter in town than musical burlesque and light opera. "Ruy Blas and the Blasé Roué" nightly fills the Gaiety, to the delight of handsome George Edwardes; and this most omelettish of entertainments thoroughly amuses the large audiences. A comic melodrama in its way, "London Day by Day" also elicits abundant laughter. *Chic*, dulcet-voiced Marie Tempest still captivates as "Doris" at the Lyric, where Mr. Leslie is preparing to tempt fortune anew with the sprightly "Red Hussar," of which opera much is expected by those who relished the gay and witty libretto of Mr. H. Pot Stephens and the inspiriting music of Mr. Edward Solomon in "Billee Taylor." "Paul Jones," too, with the stately Miss Huntington and fascinating Miss Wadman and Miss Phyllis Broughton, goes merrily yet at the Prince of Wales's. And the latest light operatic novelty likewise seems to have "caught on" at the Avenue, where Mr. R. D'Albertson is the zealous manager.

"The Prima Donna," music by Signor Tito Mattei, libretto by Mr. Murray and the late Mr. Farnie, pleased me much, in so far as the melodious numbers went. I have mislaid my programme, or would particularise the charming lyrics which took the fancy of the house, and caused Mr. Joseph Tapley, Mdlle. Sara Palina (the dulcet and graceful Prima Donna), Mr. Alec Marsh, and Miss Amelia Gruhn to be deservedly applauded. You don't look for much of a story in comic opera. Certainly, you don't find a good one in "The Prima Donna," which simply relates how the arrival of an operatic company at a German Duke's Castle enables him to make use of their wardrobe to hide the deficiencies of his Court costumes when the rightful Prince turns up. There's a good deal of love-making at cross purposes. But all comes right in the end. Lustrous and in the best of taste are the beautiful costumes supplied by M. Alias, the costumier of costumiers. Mr. Albert Chevalier's topical song, "Behind the Scenes," was excellent; and ripping was the *pas seul* of graceful Miss Lethbridge. Altogether, "The Prima Donna" yielded much satisfaction to those present; and I have no doubt the delightful songs of Tito Mattei will add to the melodies of our drawing-rooms. It is at the well-managed Avenue Theatre that a benefit matinée on Oct. 31 will find the Thespian sisterhood and brotherhood united in the sacred cause of charity on behalf of Miss Maude Brennan.

Mr. Pinero's ever-attractive comedy of "Sweet Lavender" (rapidly approaching its 600th performance) still draws so well that Mr. Edward Terry has had to give an extra matinée this week.

Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree (who had the gratification of being able to announce that the Haymarket matinée for "Box and Cox" Morton yielded over £250 for the veteran author) is depicted on another page in the successful drama of "A Man's Shadow," adapted skilfully from the French by Mr. Robert Buchanan. I have so fully, in noticing this powerful piece, cited the main points of Mr. Tree's dual performance of the murderer and of the innocent man who suffers for his crime, and have already so warmly praised the strong acting of Mr. Fernandez as the barrister, and of Mrs. Tree and Miss Julia Neilson in the play, that I need now do no more than point to the fidelity with which our Artist has portrayed the leading personages in "A Man's Shadow."

THESPIS.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE AND PRINCESS SOPHIE OF PRUSSIA.

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THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT ATHENS.

Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[Advt.]

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[Advt.]

# BLIND LOVE.

## BY WILKIE COLLINS.

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THE PROLOGUE.—(*Concluded.*)

X.

THERE was the Irish lord—at the very time when Iris was most patiently resigned never to see him more, never to think of him as her husband again—reminding her of the first days of their love, and of their mutual confession of it! Fear of herself kept her behind the curtain; while interest in Lord Harry detained her at the window in hiding.

"All well at Rathco?" he asked—mentioning the name of the house in which Arthur was one of the guests.

"Yes, my lord. Mr. Mountjoy leaves us to-morrow."

"Does he mean to return to the farm?"

"Sorry I am to say it; he does mean that."

"Has he fixed any time, Miles, for starting on his journey?"

Miles instituted a search through his pockets, and accompanied it by an explanation. Yes, indeed, Master Arthur had fixed a time; he had written a note to say so to Mistress Lewson the housekeeper; he had said, "Drop the note at the farm, on your way to the village." And what might Miles want at the village, in the dark? Medicine, in a hurry, for one of his master's horses that was sick and sinking. And, speaking of that, here, thank God, was the note!

Iris, listening and watching alternately, saw to her surprise the note intended for Mrs. Lewson handed to Lord Harry. "Am I expected," he asked jocosely, "to read writing without a light?" Miles produced a small lantern which was strapped to his groom's belt. "There 's parts of the road not over safe in the dark," he said as he raised the shade which guarded the light. The wild lord coolly opened the letter, and read the few careless words which it contained. "To Mrs. Lewson: Dear old girl, expect me back to-morrow to dinner at three o'clock.—YOURS, ARTHUR."

There was a pause.

"Are there any strangers at Rathco?" Lord Harry asked.

"Two new men," Miles replied, "at work in the grounds."

There was another pause. "How can I protect him?" the young lord said, partly to himself, partly to Miles. He suspected the two new men—spies probably who knew of Arthur's proposed journey home, and who had already reported to their employers the hour at which he would set out.

Miles ventured to say a word: "I hope you won't be angry with me, my lord"——

"Stuff and nonsense! Was I ever angry with you, when I was rich enough to keep a servant, and when you were the man?"

The Irish groom answered in a voice that trembled with strong feeling. "You were the best and kindest master that ever lived on this earth. I can't see you putting your precious life in peril"——

"My precious life?" Lord Harry repeated lightly. "You 're thinking of Mr. Mountjoy, when you say that. *His* life is worth saving. As for my life"—— He ended the sentence by a whistle, as the best way he could hit on of expressing his contempt for his own existence.

"My lord! my lord!" Miles persisted; "the Invincibles are beginning to doubt you. If any of them find you hanging about Mr. Mountjoy's farm, they 'll try a shot at you first, and ask afterwards whether it was right to kill you or not."

To hear this said—and said seriously—after the saving of him at the milestone, was a trial of her firmness which Iris was unable to resist. Love got the better of prudence. She drew back the window-curtain. In another moment she would have added her persuasion to the servant's warning, if Lord Harry himself had not accidentally checked her by a proceeding, on his part, for which she was not prepared.

"Show the light," he said; "I 'll write a line to Mr. Mountjoy."

He tore off the blank page from the note to the housekeeper, and wrote to Arthur, entreating him to change the time of his departure from Rathco, and to tell no creature in the house, or out of the house, at what new hour he had arranged to go. "Saddle your horse yourself," the letter concluded. It was written in a feigned hand, without a signature.

"Give that to Mr. Mountjoy," Lord Harry said. "If he asks who wrote it, don't frighten him about me by telling the truth. Lie, Miles! Say you don't know." He next returned the note for Mrs. Lewson. "If she notices that it has been opened," he resumed, "and asks who has done it, lie again. Good-night, Miles—and mind those dangerous places on your road home."

The groom darkened his lantern; and the wild lord was lost to view, round the side of the house.

*They had no doubt been watching him, under orders from the murderous brotherhood to which they belonged. Their pistols were ready in their hands—and what discovery had they made?*

Left by himself, Miles rapped at the door with the handle of his whip. "A letter from Mr. Arthur," he called out. Mrs. Lewson at once took the note, and examined it by the light of the candle on the hall table. "Somebody has been reading this!" she exclaimed, stepping out to the groom, and showing him the torn envelope. Miles, promptly obeying his instructions, declared that he knew nothing about it, and rode away.

Mrs. descended the stairs, and joined Mrs. Lewson in the hall before she had closed the door. The housekeeper at once produced Arthur's letter.

"It's on my mind, Miss," she said, "to write an answer, and say something to Mr. Arthur which will persuade him to take care of himself, as his way back to the farm. The difficulty is, how am I to express it? You would be doing a kind thing if you would give me a word of advice."

Iris willingly complied. A second note, from the anxious housekeeper, might help the effect of the few lines which Lord Harry had written. Arthur's letter informed Iris that he had arranged to return at three o'clock. Lord Harry's question to the groom, and the man's reply, instantly recurred to her memory: "Are there any strangers at Rathco?"—"Two new men at work in the grounds." Arriving at the same conclusion which had already occurred to Lord Harry, Iris advised the housekeeper, in writing to Arthur, to entreat him to change the hour, secretly, at which he left his friend's house on the next day. Warmly approving of this plan, Mrs. Lewson hurried into the parlour to write her letter. "Don't go to bed yet, Miss," she said; "I want you to read it before I send away the first thing to-morrow morning."

Left alone in the hall, with the door open before her, Iris looked out on the night, thinking. The lives of the two men in whom she was interested—in widely different ways—were now equally threatened; and the imminent danger, at the moment, was the danger of Lord Harry. He was an outlaw whose character would not bear investigation; but, to give him his due, there was no risk which he was not ready to run for Arthur's sake. If he was still recklessly lingering, on the watch for assassins, in the dangerous neighbourhood of the farm, who but himself possessed the influence which would prevail on him to leave the place? She had followed Mr. Lewson at the door with that question in her mind. In another instant she was out of the house, and beginning her search in the dark.

She made the round of the building; sometimes feeling her way in obscure places, sometimes calling to Lord Harry cautiously by his name. No living creature appeared; no sound or movement disturbed the stillness of the night. The discovery of his absence, which she had not dared to hope for, was the cheering discovery which she had now made.

On her way back to the house she became conscious of the rashness of the act into which her own generous impulse had betrayed her. If she and Lord Harry had met, could she have trusted the tender interest in him which her own conduct would then have revealed? Would he not have been justified in concluding that she had pardoned the errors and the vices of his life, and that he might without impropriety remind her of their engagement, and claim her hand in marriage? She trembled as she thought of the concessions which he might have wrung from her. "Never more," she determined, "shall my own folly be answerable for it, if he and I meet again."

She had returned to Mrs. Lewson, and had read over the letter to Arthur when the farm clock, striking the hour, reminded them that it was time to retire. They slept badly that night. At six in the morning, one of the two labourers who had remained faithful to Arthur was sent away on horseback with the housekeeper's reply, and with orders to wait for an answer. Allowing time for giving the horse a rest, the man might be expected to return before noon.

## XI.

It was a fine sunshiny day. Mrs. Lewson's spirits began to improve. "I have always held the belief," the worthy old woman confessed, "that bright weather brings good luck—of course provided to-day is not a Friday. This is Wednesday. Cheer up, Miss."

The messenger returned with good news. Mr. Arthur had been as merry as usual. He had made fun of another letter of good advice, received without a signature. "But Mrs. Lewson must have her way," he said. "My love to the dear—I'll start two hours later, and be back to dinner at five."

"Where did Mr. Arthur give you that message?" Iris inquired.

At the stables, Miss, while I was putting up the horse. The men about were all on the broad grin when they heard Mr. Arthur's message."

Still in a morbid state of mind, Iris silently suggested of being delivered by word of mouth. Once again, she (like the wild lord) had been afraid of listeners.

The hours wore slowly on until it was past four o'clock. Iris could endure the suspense no longer. "It's a lovely afternoon," she said to Mrs. Lewson, "Let us take a walk along the road, and meet Arthur." To this proposal the housekeeper gladly agreed. It was nearly five o'clock when they reached a place at which a bye-road branched off from the high road, from the highway which they had hitherto followed. Mrs. Lewson found a seat on a felled tree. "We had better not go any farther," she said.

Iris asked if there was any reason for this.

There was an excellent reason. A few yards further on, the high road had been diverted from its straight line (in the interest of a large agricultural village), and was then directed again into its former course. The bye-road through the wood served as a short cut, for horsemen and pedestrians, from one divergent point to the other. It was next to a certainty that Arthur would return by the short cut. But, if accident or caprice led to his preferring the highway, it was clearly necessary to wait for him within view of both the roads.

Too restless to submit to a state of passive expectation, Iris proposed to follow the bridle-path through the wood for a little way, and to return if she failed to see anything of Arthur. "You are tired," she said kindly to her companion; "pray don't move."

Mrs. Lewson looked needlessly uneasy: "You might lose yourself, Miss. Mind you keep to the path!"

Iris followed the pleasant windings of the woodland track. In the hope of meeting Arthur, she considerably extended the length of her walk. The white line of the high road, as it passed the farther end of the wood, showed itself through the trees. She turned at once to rejoin Mrs. Lewson.

On her way back she made a discovery. A ruin which she had not previously noticed showed itself among the trees on her left hand. Her curiosity was excited; she strayed aside to examine it more closely. The crumbling walls, as she approached them, looked like the remains of an ordinary dwelling-house. Age is essential to the picturesque effect of decay; a modern ruin is an unnatural and depressing object—and here the horrid thing was.

As she turned to retrace her steps to the road, a man walked out of the inner space enclosed by all that was left of the dismantled house. A cry of alarm escaped her. Was she the victim of destiny, or the sport of chance? There was the wild lord whom she had vowed never to see again: the master of her heart—perhaps the master of her fate!

Any other man would have been amazed to see her, and would have asked how it had happened that the English lady presented herself to him in an Irish wood. This man enjoyed the delight of seeing her, and accepted it as a blessing that was not to be questioned. "My angel has dropped from heaven," he said. "May Heaven be praised!"

He approached her, his arms closed round her. She struggled to free herself from his embrace. At that moment they both heard the crackle of breaking underwood among the trees behind them. Lord Harry looked round. "This is a dangerous place," he whispered. "I'm waiting to see Arthur pass safely. Submit to be kissed, or I am a dead man." His eyes told her that he was truly and fearfully in earnest. Her head sank on his bosom. As he bent down and kissed her, three men approached from their hiding-place among the trees. They had no doubt been watching him, under orders from the murderous brotherhood to which they belonged. Their pistols were ready in their hands—and what discovery had they made? There was the brother who had been denounced as having betrayed them, guilty of no worse treason than meeting his sweetheart in a wood! "We beg your pardon, my lord," they cried, with a thoroughly Irish enjoyment of their own discomfiture—and burst into a roar of laughter—and left the lovers together. For the second time, Iris had saved Lord Harry at a crisis in his life.

"Let me go!" she pleaded faintly, trembling with superstitious fear for the first time in her experience of herself.

He held her to him as if he would never let her go again. "Oh, my Sweet, give me a last chance. Help me to be a better man! You have only to will it, Iris, and to make me worthy of you."

His arms suddenly trembled round her, and dropped. The silence was broken by a distant sound, like the report of a shot. He looked towards the farther end of the wood. In a minute more, the thump of a horse's hoofs at a gallop was audible, where the bridle-path was hidden among the trees. It came nearer—nearer—the creature burst into view, wild with fright, and carrying an empty saddle. Lord Harry rushed into the path, and seized the horse as it swerved at the sight of him. There was a leather pocket attached to the front of the saddle. "Search it!" he cried to Iris, forcing the terrified animal back on its haunches. She drew out a silver travelling-flask. One glance at the name engraved on it told him the terrible truth. His trembling hands lost their hold. The horse escaped; the words burst from his lips:—

"Oh, God, they've killed him!"

THE END OF THE PROLOGUE.

*She drew out a silver travelling-flask. The name engraved on it told him the terrible truth.*

# THE STORY.

## FIRST PERIOD.

### CHAPTER I.

THE INN AT HONEYBUZZARD.

Late on a rainy autumn afternoon, the slow train left one traveller at the station of sleepy old Honeybuzzard. He got out of a first-class carriage; he carried an umbrella and a travelling-bag; and he asked his way to the best inn. The station-master and the porter compared notes. One of them said: "Evidently a gentleman." The other added: "What can he possibly want here?"

The stranger twice lost his way in the tortuous old streets of the town before he reached the inn. On giving his orders, it appeared that he wanted three things: a private room, something to eat, and, while the dinner was being cooked, materials for writing a letter.

Answering her daughter's questions downstairs, the landlady described her guest as a nice-looking man dressed in deep mourning. Young, my dear, with beautiful dark-brown hair, and a grand beard, and a sweet sorrowful look. Ah, his eyes would tell anybody that his black clothes are not a mere sham. Whether married or single, of course I can't say. But I noticed the name on his travelling-bag. A distinguished name, in my opinion—Hugh Mountjoy. I wonder what he'll order to drink when he has his dinner? What a mercy it will be if we can get rid of another bottle of the sour French wine!"

The bell in the private room rang at that moment; and the landlady's daughter, it is needless to say, took the opportunity of forming her own opinion of Mr. Hugh Mountjoy.

She returned with a letter in her hand, consumed by a vain longing for the advantages of gentle birth. "Ah, mother, if I was a young lady of the higher classes, I know whose wife I should like to be!" Not particularly interested in sentimental aspirations, the landlady asked to see Mr. Mountjoy's letter. The messenger who delivered it was to wait for an answer. It was addressed to "Miss Henley, care of Clarence Vimpany, Esquire, Honeybuzzard." Urged by an excited imagination, the daughter longed to see Miss Henley. The mother was at a loss to understand why Mr. Mountjoy should have troubled himself to write the letter at all. "If he knows the young lady who is staying at the doctor's house," she said, "why doesn't he call on Miss Henley?" She handed the letter back to her daughter. "There! let the ostler take it; he's got nothing to do."

"No, Mother. The ostler's dirty hands mustn't touch it—I'll take the letter myself. Perhaps I may see Miss Henley." Such was the impression which Mr. Hugh Mountjoy had innocently produced on a sensitive young person, condemned by destiny to the barren sphere of action afforded by a country inn!

The landlady herself took the dinner upstairs—a first course of mutton chops and potatoes; cooked to a degree of imperfection only attained in an English kitchen. The sour French wine was still on the good woman's mind. "What would you choose to drink, Sir?" she asked. Mr. Mountjoy seemed to feel no interest in what he might have to drink. "We have some French wine, sir." "Thank you, ma'am; that will do."

When the bell rang again, and the time came to produce the second course of cheese and celery, the landlady allowed the waiter to take her place. Her experience of the farmers who frequented the inn, and who had in some few cases been induced to taste the wine, warned her to anticipate an outbreak of just anger from Mr. Mountjoy. He, like the others, could probably ask what she "meant by poisoning him with such stuff as that." On the return of the waiter, she put the question: "Did the gentleman complain of the French wine?"

"He wants to see you about it, ma'am."

The landlady turned pale. The expression of Mr. Mountjoy's indignation was evidently reserved for the mistress of the house. "Did he swear," she asked, "when he tasted it?"

"Lord bless you, ma'am, no! Drank it out of a tumbler, and—if you will believe me—actually seemed to like it."

The landlady recovered her colour. Gratitude to Providence for having sent a customer to the inn who could drink sour wine without discovering it was the uppermost feeling in her ample bosom as she entered the private room. Mr. Mountjoy justified her anticipations. He was simple enough—with his tumbler before him, and the wine as it were under his nose—to begin with an apology.

"I am sorry to trouble you, ma'am. May I ask where you got this wine?"

"The wine, sir, was one of my late husband's bad debts. It was all he could get from a Frenchman who owed him money."

"It's worth money, ma'am."

"You are the first gentleman, sir, who has not found fault with it."

"In that case, perhaps you would like to get rid of the wine?" Mr. Mountjoy suggested.

The landlady was still cautious. "Who will buy it of me, sir?"

"I will. How much do you charge for it by the bottle?"

"Five shillings a bottle, sir."

"I don't think you are aware of the value of your wine," he said. "I have claret in my cellar which is not so good as this, and which costs more than you have asked. It is only fair to offer you seven-and-sixpence a bottle."

The greedy landlady raised her terms.

"On reflection, sir, I think I ought to have ten shillings a bottle, if you please."

"The wine may be worth it," Mountjoy answered quietly; "but it is more than I can afford to pay. No, ma'am; I will leave you to find some lover of good claret with a longer purse than mine."

It was in this man's character, when he said No, to mean No. Mr. Mountjoy's hostess perceived that her crazy customer was not to be trifled with. She lowered her terms again with the headlong hurry of terror. "You shall have it, sir, at your own price," said this entirely shameless and perfectly respectable woman.

The bargain having been closed under these circumstances, the landlady's daughter knocked at the door. "I took your letter myself, sir," she said modestly, "and here is the answer." (She had seen Miss Henley, and did not think much of her.) Mountjoy offered the expression of his thanks, in words never to be forgotten by a sensitive young person, and opened his letter. It was short enough to be read in a moment, but it was evidently a favourable reply. He took his hat in a hurry, and asked to be shown the way to Mr. Vimpany's house.

*(To be continued.)*

## NOW THE WORLD WAGS

It is now understood that the Queen will leave Balmoral for Windsor on Nov. 20. The Empress Eugénie will return from Abergeldie at an early date.

The King of Portugal expired at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 19th inst. The Crown Prince, the Duke of Braganza, assumes the title of Carlos I. of Portugal and the Algarves.

The account given of the scene at the deathbed of King Luis is very touching. The Queen was with her Royal Consort up to the end, and as the King breathed his last bent over and kissed him. Then, turning to Dom Carlos, her Majesty said: "The King is dead! Long live the King!" and embraced the new Ruler, adding, "I bless you as Monarch, and hope you will prove as good a King as you have always been a son."

The body of the late King, after being embalmed, will be conveyed by rail from Cascaes to Belem, where it will be placed in the church of St. Jerome. Thence it will be solemnly transferred to the Royal Pantheon of St. Vincent in the capital.

The late King Luis of Portugal, says the *World*, though in many ways he was almost as eccentric as the ill-fated ruler of Bavaria, was a man of considerable energy. He was with us for a fortnight some three years ago, and spent most of his time at South Kensington, under the guidance of Sir P. C. Owen. His clean-shaved face, ill-fitting frock-coat, swarthy complexion, and gold-headed cane gave him the appearance of a Turkish Pasha rather than that of a European potentate. His avidity for sightseeing soon exhausted the energies of the Prince of Wales, who made him over to "Peko"; but he took his revenge by sending telegrams to Cowes at unearthly hours, describing the beauty of poor Sir Francis Bolton's illuminations.

The Prince of Wales has telegraphed to Cairo that he will arrive there on Friday. The Palace of Ghizeh has been prepared for his reception. On Saturday his Royal Highness will review the English and Egyptian armies and will dine with the Khedive. On Sunday he will dine with Riaz Pasha. On Monday there will be a presentation of the British colony, and the Prince of Wales will dine with Sir J. Dormer and be presented at a reception given by Sir F. Grenfell. On Tuesday he will return to Alexandria, and will probably attend a ball there.

Lord Salisbury (says *Truth*) was exceedingly anxious last year that the Queen should open Parliament, and I hear that he received a half-promise that, all being well, her Majesty would endeavour to do so this year.

Lord Salisbury's primary object will be to fix a day convenient to the Queen, who would like to come to London from Osborne to open Parliament when on her way back to Windsor, and her Majesty will not remain in the Isle of Wight next year after the second week in February, as she is going to the Continent towards the end of March.

The Gweedore trials opened on the 17th inst. before Mr. Justice Gibson at Maryborough. Ten prisoners were indicted for the murder of District-Inspector Martin. Twelve others, including Father MacFadden, were charged with conspiracy. Among the visitors during the week were the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Theodore Fry, Mr. Woodall, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Kilbride; also Miss Cobden and Miss Conybeare.

The 18th inst. being the birthday of the late Emperor Frederick, the Empress Frederick and her daughters went early in the morning to Bornstedt, near Potsdam, where a memorial service was held. The Royal party partook of the Sacrament. It was the last visit of Princess Sophie before her marriage to the spot where she has passed her youth. She went to the house of the steward of her mother's estate, and took leave of all the inmates, as she did also at the Children's Home. Her second visit was to the Mausoleum of the Friedenskirche. The Empress was here awaited by Professor Raschdorf, who received her last instructions with regard to the building. The mourners then entered the vestry, the resting-place of the Emperor Frederick, and here they deposited wreaths and remained some time in prayer.

The late King Louis II. of Bavaria encumbered the Royal property to such an extent that it will require a payment of £150 a day during eighteen years before his debts are paid off.

The Welsh newspapers announce an important discovery of gold reefs in the parish of Brecheo, Carmarthenshire. The reefs are traced for a considerable distance along the surface of the earth, and the results of the quartz-crushing average rather more than 2 oz. of gold per ton. The old workings believed to be Roman have also been unearthed.

A terrible explosion occurred about four o'clock on the morning of the 16th inst. at the Mossfield Colliery, Adderley Green, Longton, at a pit known as the "Big Sal." About a hundred men were engaged in the workings at the time. Rescue parties were speedily organised, and about a dozen miners were brought safely to the surface. The list of men forming the night shift having been destroyed or mislaid, the actual number who were below is not known, but it is feared that seventy-five lives have been lost.

While an auction sale was proceeding at Worcester on the evening of the 18th, the floor of the sale-room gave way, and about one hundred persons who had assembled were precipitated into a cellar. No one was killed, but many persons were injured, some so seriously that they were taken to the infirmary.

This year's Drury-Lane pantomime will (the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is informed) unite with the immortal story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" certain of the fairy elements of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—a combination wherein the authors of the book, Messrs. H. Nicholls and Augustus Harris, will be found to have contrived a very neat piece of dovetailing. That grand spectacular effects are being prepared will be understood. To indicate their nature just at present would be premature; but I may mention that the big procession will take place somewhere in the neighbourhood of Olympus, and that there will be abundant opportunity, in course of it, for the youngsters to display their mythological lore.

Stephen Jarman, a gardener, was sentenced at the Middlesex Sessions to five years' penal servitude for breaking into the dwelling-house of Mrs. Conway Gordon, and stealing furniture valued at £100. The furniture had been disposed of to various persons at Brentford and neighbourhood. One gentleman said that he had bought £8 15s. worth of the goods of a respectable tradesman with whom he had done business for years, but the Court ordered that all the goods should be given up.

Some excitement has been caused in Folkestone-road, Dover, by an elderly lady named Williams being found dead in her house. She had led the life of a recluse, and during the past few days the gas had been seen burning, with no evidence of the presence of the inmate. The neighbours gave an alarm, the house was entered by the police, and the woman was found dead on the floor.

The elephant who recently broke into the co-operative stores at Accrington, and feasted on jam and onions, has since been discovered in another burglary at Chorley. While the circus paraphernalia was being loaded up he slipped away in the darkness and forced open a locked-up grocer's shop in the High-street. Here he demolished a whole cheese, two boxes of biscuits, and other groceries, and altogether did £10 worth of damage.

After being delirious for three weeks, James William Walker, the young man who was stabbed by some unknown person at Altham, near Accrington, died on the 16th inst. On Sept. 16 Walker, the son of a pointeman on the railway, was crossing a bridge over the Leeds and Liverpool Canal at Altham, when he was accosted by a man dressed in black, who asked if he had a copper to spare. Walker replied in the negative, and the stranger then set upon him and stabbed him five times below the stomach with a knife. The youth screamed, and, getting away, ran to his aunt's house, whither he was going, only about one hundred yards distant. Arrived at the house, he fell into a chair and fainted. He was able to tell how the outrage was committed, but could give no clue to help the police. The lad's father passed along the road three minutes after the affray took place, and saw nothing of the man.

A horrible crime was perpetrated in a small village in the Tyrol during the night of Oct. 12. As the villagers were on their way to church the next morning they saw smoke rising from a solitary inn on the border of the forest. The doors were locked, but some one entered by the window and found three burning corpses in the kitchen. They were those of the landlady, her cousin—a young woman—and a girl of eight. When the fire had been extinguished, a baby six months old was found in the upper storey strangled and half burnt. A little girl of three was afterwards found lost in the wood; but all that she says is, "Mother hurt, fire." There is no clue to the murderers. The entire house was rifled of all its store of linen and clothing, and of the little money there was. The sole survivor is the little child, who escaped while the murderers were at their work.

In their ambitious attempt to out-Eiffel Eiffel, the directors of the projected London Tower company have decided to offer two prizes of 500 and 250 guineas for the best designs for such a structure. The tower is to be 1250 ft. high—one fourth more lofty than the huge structure in Paris.

What is known as the Highgate Abduction Case was disposed of at the Central Criminal Court on Monday, when Arthur Yetts, an auctioneer, was sentenced to six months' hard labour for taking Florence Helena Dexter, a girl under eighteen years of age, out of the custody of her parents without their consent, and for an improper purpose.

Peter Watson, a young fellow of twenty-eight, had just returned from America to arrange about some property to which he had succeeded. The other day he went to Forfar for the purpose of paying some visits, intending to return to Brechin in the evening. At the station, however, he unfortunately entered by mistake the midnight mail for Aberdeen. When the train arrived at Ferryhill for the purpose of the tickets being collected, he left the carriage, and, stumbling over a parapet-wall, fell to the streets below, a distance of about thirty feet. Death followed shortly after.

The Mexican Government has been robbed of bonds amounting in value to over a million dollars, which have already been placed in London. It is semi-officially stated that the bonds were neither signed nor dated, nor did they bear the private mark of the Treasury.

Tom Burns, swimmer and pedestrian, arrived in Liverpool about one o'clock last Saturday, having completed his task of diving from Runcorn Bridge, swimming to Liverpool, walking to London, diving from London Bridge, and walking back to Liverpool, within ten days. He was met by an enormous crowd, who cheered him lustily. He looked fairly well, and declared he felt fit for more work.

While playing at football, under Association rules, at Scarborough, a player named Dybull, who was goal-keeper, was accidentally knocked down by one of the opposing team, and had his leg broken.

The remains of the late Sir Daniel Gooch, Chairman of the Great Western Railway, were interred last Saturday afternoon in the burial-ground of St. Andrew's Church, at Clewer, near Windsor. Railway men, it may also be stated, find good grounds for looking for an improvement in their condition as a result of the new Railway Union advocated by John Burns.

"Gravina," a new patent food, will be found relishable and nutritious, being a combination of meat and vegetables.

To Athletes.—Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]

Yes, the Ruptured will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[Advt.]

## GARDENING IN SEASON

### Flower Garden.

The fast-falling leaves are a great nuisance just now. As fast as they are swept up, down they come again, and make even the best-kept garden look untidy. It is no use being too particular about them for the present. Sweep them up now and again for appearance' sake, but let the bulk remain until they are all off, and then have a grand clear up. If laid up for a twelvemonth these leaves will make the best of manure, either for pot-plants or delicate-rooting things in the open ground, so that they should be carefully preserved. It is quite a mistake to think that leaves decay more quickly when buried underground: on the contrary, they will become fit for use much more quickly if simply heaped up in some out-of-the-way corner and allowed to remain undisturbed.

### Chrysanthemums

are now in all their glory—and what a show of varied colour they make when well looked after! There has been no frost to injure even the plants in the open ground—at least, in this district, and many others—while the indoor plants are beyond any vicissitudes of this kind, and are already expanding finely. What a difference there is between the old-fashioned chrysanthemums of twenty years ago and those of the present day, such as Japonais, Ed. Audiguer, Roi des Japonais, &c.! And yet some of the old kinds, notably Mrs. G. Rundle, Mrs. Dixon, James Salter, and others, are still among the most useful and florierous varieties we have. I dare say many of my readers have tried their hands at growing these beautiful autumn flowers, and have doubtless discovered what an unlimited amount of care and skill is required to produce the huge blooms seen at the autumn shows. As a practical grower, I should say that every flower in a winning stand costs the grower, directly or indirectly, something like

### Half a Crown,

and I am sure that I should not like to undertake to produce them for much less.

There are two or three of the newer varieties that I should like to mention before quitting the subject. The first of these is Phœbus, a hybrid Japanese flower, with broad reflexed petals of a very rich golden colour with an orange centre. It grows and flowers as freely and well as J. Salter, and is beautiful for cutting: it is in bloom with me now. Another beautiful kind is Cossack, an old Japanese sort, but still one of the brightest and best. The flowers are bright-red and yellow, and it attracts attention anywhere. Mrs. Alphœus Hardy, an American variety, gives us quite a new class. The petals are broad and incurved, and thickly studded on the upper surface with hairy processes, which give a very novel effect, especially as the flower is pure white.

### Michaelmas Daisies

are very favourite, even fashionable, flowers just now, and certainly they deserve to be placed in the front rank of autumn flowers. They are so easily grown, so floriferous, so bright, and so fine for cutting, &c., that I hardly know what we should do without them at present. They are really the perennial form of the well-known aster family, and a few of the best kinds are Levis, L. polyphyllus, A. versicolor, A. Novi Belgii, and A. formosissimus. Of dwarfer varieties there are Amellus bessarabicus, hybridus nanus, pyrenæus, and speciosus; but one of the finest of all is the late-flowering Christmas starwort (A. grandiflorus), which blooms as late as the end of the year in a sunny and sheltered corner. Why do not people grow the pretty

### Hardy Cyclamens

more generally? C. africanum, C. europæum, and C. hederæfolium are in bloom now, and will be followed by C. Atkinsii, C. Coum, C. ibericum, and C. vernum. They are quite hardy, and flourish in nice, light, rich loam if planted in odd corners of the lawn, or where protected by neighbouring shrubs.

### Violets

are always appreciated in winter. The way to have them good is to plant out the rooted runners singly in April, choosing a piece of deep rich soil in a sunny position. Keep them clean and well watered, and either pot them or plant them closely in a frame or cool greenhouse at the present time. Take them up carefully with plenty of earth round the roots, and keep them moist and well ventilated, yet safe from frost, and they will do well.

### Bulbs

of all kinds should now be planted at once. Do not bury them more than three or four inches, and if the soil is heavy or damp put a little sand round choice roots. Do not forget the beautiful little blue-flowered Scilla sibirica. Put in cuttings of shrubby calceolarias, also of roses and hardy evergreen and deciduous shrubs. Plant out carnation layers when well rooted, also strong seedlings of the same, and also wall-flowers and other spring flowering plants without delay. Follow up the planting of ornamental trees, shrubs, and hardy roses as fast as possible, and place anything at all tender under cover.

### Vegetable Garden.

Winter greens, such as savoys, brussels sprouts, broccoli, and kale are looking splendidly, and promise abundant crops. Keep the ground between them clean but firm, and remove any decayed leaves to let in sun and air. Lift enough parsnips, carrots, beet, and so forth to supply immediate needs, but remember that the bulk are best left in the ground.

### Tomatoes

in the open air are all over, and the plants under glass will now need artificial warmth to keep them going and ripen the fruit. In the summer the fruit will colour and ripen beautifully if gathered just as they begin to turn, and finished on a warm but not too sunny shelf; but they will not colour properly now unless left on the plants to the last. Last week I promised to give a recipe for

### Pickling Tomatoes

(the small green ones), and here it is: Put the fruit, the small ones whole and the larger ones cut in pieces, in strong salt and water overnight. In the morning wipe them dry, pack closely in clean bottles, with a few small onions and two or three chillies, and pour over them enough of the best vinegar, previously boiled with spice, to taste, to cover them. Tie down tightly, and keep for three months.

### Cucumbers

for winter work must be kept going, with plenty of warmth and moisture; but do not overdo it, or they will be too weak to stand severe weather by-and-by.

### Fruit Garden.

Persevere in the planting of apples, pears, and other hardy fruits. There is an almost unlimited demand for fruit of good quality, especially if brought in early or late in the season; but inferior samples are often unsaleable. That grand apple

### Blenheim Orange

is undoubtedly one of the very finest varieties for either dessert or culinary use, and, though a mid-season kind, an excellent keeper. The tree does not bear very freely while young, but for beauty and general utility it is unsurpassed, and hardly equalled. Wellington is one of the best late-keeping culinary varieties, and perhaps the best of all the true dessert kinds is Cox's orange pippin. The

### Fairy Apple,

with small scarlet and orange fruit, forms a very pretty object just now, and a kind called Adam's Pearmain is scarcely less attractive.

P. G. R.

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"Sir,—I received the 'Gem' melodeon this morning, Wednesday, April the 3rd, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"Training College, Saltley, Birmingham, 1889.
"Dear Sirs,—I received the 'Paragon' melodeon on Saturday morning. The beautiful instrument gives me entire satisfaction. I consider it a great bargain for the small sum of 13s. 6d. I shall be most happy to recommend it to any of my comrades who intend purchasing an instrument at any time, and thanks for your prompt attention to my order.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully, "F. H. ROE."

"R. I. Constabulary, Ballinea, Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co. Gentlemen,—My order to hand this morning, and, in a word, allow me to say it justly deserves the title of 'Favourite' melodeon. I can assure you I will be most happy to recommend your establishment—an establishment which has gained for itself a world-wide reputation. In conclusion, thank you so much for your punctuality in executing my order, and also your kind permission in using this unsolicited testimonial in any way you choose.—Yours, &c.,
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## THE RACING WORLD

Somehow, Grand National Hunt sort of racing always seems a little premature until our good old-fashioned hunting is generally in swing, and that is hardly yet awhile. Whether because of that idea, or owing to the unfavourable weather, Kempton and Sandown so-called illegitimate meetings have not gone well. But for one circumstance, Saturday would have been indeed dull. Relief came in the

### Prince of Wales's Victory

in the Handicap Steeplechase. Hettie, who carried the Royal colours—very striking they are—was on the big side, and, though well, certainly not wound up as she will be presently. John Jones, who trains the Prince's steeplechasers—a job he obtained through Lord Marcus Beresford's recommendation—was by no means hopeful. However,

### Hettie Did Not Make a Mistake,

and has, I think, greatly improved since we last saw her in public. We all of us hope that she may train on into a Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase winner.

### Much More Unlikely Things may Happen

than our cheering his Royal Highness's jockey as he returns to weigh in, victor in the greatest steeplechase in the year. But that cannot happen before the latter end of next March, and perhaps I had better bring my attention to items near current date—the Primrose Day objection, for instance. Fine words do not fill a bushel nor rough ones break bones. If the latter would work that way, the Jockey Club Stewards would feel pretty uncomfortable after what has been said while Mr. Godfrey's protest was pending. You see, it upset a lot of the betting, and no one who has not experience of the

### British Public's Dreadful Hurry to Get Behind their Winnings

can imagine what a rumpus or collection of rumpuses there have been about accounts held over for settlement till the Stewards of the Club gave their verdict. As the time for hearing *pro* and *con.* drew near, so did the long-deferred hopes of the party who would benefit by Primrose Day's disqualification dwindle. Three days before the case was argued, 6 to 1 was taken that Ingram would get stakes and bets. Two days before, 25 to 1 was betted against Ingram. On Monday, when the Stewards met, 10 to 1 on the Findon mare was offered. Yet

### At Two o'clock 4 to 1 was Booked that Primrose Day would be Disqualified.

I never could quite make out where Mr Godfrey's case could come in. He did, though, and after the official award objected on several points of legal and racing law.

### The Verdict, however, Removed all Doubt on Primrose Day's Penalty for the Cambridgeshire.

Curiously enough, it did not make her a better favourite, but acted rather in the other direction. Her adherents' confidence was not one jot abated, but the filly's price enlarged all the same. By contrast with the Cesarewitch, betting, generally speaking, was quite lively. Certainly the prices bar one or two were more liberal, and that perhaps promoted speculation. The public did not muster for the Houghton week so strongly as in the Second October. Bad weather at the beginning of the week stalled them off to a great extent, and suggested that the old-fashioned folk who cut racing with the close of Newmarket's autumnal programme are the best judges. I don't mind so much about these weather reminiscences when I look back to another Cambridgeshire—Bendigo's.

### The Bold Bendigo ought to have won every Cambridgeshire for which he started.

He gave me an awful shock when he beat Tonans, for I stood to win a nice stake on the latter, and did not see Bendy at all. Tonans's owner and I were together, and saw him apparently landing by three or four lengths. Yet, lo and behold! up goes Bendigo's number. We found afterwards, after shaking hands and arranging what we would do with the winnings we had not won, that the big Irishman had bolted to the rails and finished right under our noses, while we were watching the struggle on the far side of the course. There is another Cambridgeshire of sorrowful memory—viz.,

### Sailor Prince's Victory over St. Mirin.

That race in great measure killed poor Fred Archer. The Tinman thought he was sure to win on the Duchess's colt, and would have stopped in England to ride him at exercise only that he was promised that the horse should remain at Newmarket to finish preparation. While he was in Ireland he put on weight fast, and St. Mirin was sent back to Manton. What with getting a stone and more over his weight and having to reduce himself so fast and the anxiety lest he should lose the heavy stake for which he had backed St. Mirin, Archer got himself into a bad state of health. He and Tony White, on St. Mirin and Sailor Prince, rode for their very lives; but Archer had wasted his strength, and was, besides, in too great a hurry to get home. Thank goodness, we have no uncanny story of this sort to tell of Thursday's Cambridgeshire, the last, so far, of the series, and the first run on a Thursday!

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### The Death of the Famous St. Bernard Dog

Carl Rosa is announced. This splendid St. Bernard, bred by and belonging to Mr. Duncan Maclaren, Leamount, Bromieknowe, has been ailing since the date of the Dunfermline Show, Jan. 1, 1889, when he was awarded first prize and special medal. Carl Rosa was considered the best St. Bernard dog ever bred in Scotland. He was closely related to the champions Plinlimmon and Sir Bedivere. He was in colour rich orange and white, beautifully shaded with black; had a huge frame and great height, standing thirty-five inches at the shoulder, and weighed 196lb.

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## THE WORLD OF PASTIME

It never rains but it pours, and it seems as though the athletic world is to be deluged with the

### Enfant Terrible.

We had him, aged twelve, the other day at the Highgate Harriers' meeting, and he again made his appearance at the Lambeth Baths, aged eleven, on Oct. 16, when he competed in the Amateur Swimming Handicap, which was incongruously introduced into the programme of a meeting of the Professional Swimming Association. I see that this race was swum under Amateur Swimming Association

rules, which, apparently, do not contain any clause fixing a minimum of age for competitors. No doubt the framers of these laws did not anticipate that children would be introduced into men's races; but now that it is seen that such is done perhaps a new clause would not be out of the way.

The gentleman who liberally supplied the prizes for this race no doubt acted with the best intentions, but I doubt very much whether he understands anything whatever about the amateur world, its institutions, or its needs.

What should have been the event of the evening was the 1000 Yards Professional Championship, won in so sensational a manner last year by young Nuttall, who then turned professional, in the fastest time on record. Of the five entrants J. J. Collier was prevented from starting owing to neuralgia, which fact he announced to the assembly; while a second, C. Beckwith, who calls himself

### Champion of London,

seemed to prefer his chance in the professional handicap, in which he might have won £5 but got nothing, to the certainty of winning £2 and a very excellent chance of gaining £4. Among the starters was this year's amateur champion at 500 yards and half-mile, J. F. Standring. It is always an edifying spectacle to see a present amateur champion competing as a professional. It is so elevating to the prestige of the amateur distinctive, and it also shows the high value placed upon it by the holder, whose amateurism is not proof against the temptation to win a few pounds. But, *chacun à son goût.*

The race was

### Won in Hollow Fashion

by Nuttall, who swam with Standring for about half a mile and then won as he pleased, in time that was about a minute and a half slower than that of last year. Perhaps Standring swam in order to show how immeasurably inferior the amateur champion is to the professional. He certainly did so effectually, though most of us knew it before.

The genteel crowd in the shilling part took umbrage at Reddish's swimming, and hissed him; but the Brighton man was not nonplussed, and replied to the hisses by saying that he expected to be received as a

gentleman by gentlemen. S. Sergeant, of Portsmouth, won this race and also took third prize in the championship, and went away with £7 in his pocket.

### Football.

Never, since football became our national winter pastime, can I remember so wholesale an upsetting of favourites as took place on Saturday last, especially in connection with the Football League, supremacy in which is now

### A Very Open Affair.

The weather was, nearly everywhere, horrible, wind and rain doing their worst to spoil the play, and, probably, some of the results were not what they would have been under more favourable atmospheric conditions. But, such as they are, they are startling enough. At Derby, Derby County managed to score twice to Preston North End's once, and then the fine goal-keeping of Bromage for Derby prevented last year's champions from drawing level, and Preston were thus beaten for the second time this season in the League competition. But, at Blackburn, an even greater catastrophe than this was being enacted, Aston Villa, who had defeated Preston North End, being beaten by the Blackburn Rovers by the tremendous score, for such a club, of

### Seven Goals to None.

Then, on their own ground, West Bromwich Albion were beaten by the Wolverhampton Wanderers by four goals to one. The beaten side was not at its best, either as to representatives or condition, but the match counts just the same. Finally, Notts County beat Everton by four goals to three.

### University Rowing.

At the Universities rowing is now in full swing, although the surroundings are the exact antipodes of what they were when last boat-racing was indulged in

### On Isis and Cam.

It is in this term that the promises of May, and more especially of Henley, are proven. Though the inter-University race is so far off as next Easter, conscientious captains of the rival boat-clubs have their minds fixed upon the trial eights, which always come off within a short time of one another, about the end of November. Muttlebury has for some time been occupied with thoughts of a Light Blue crew. His task is a very difficult one, for, of all this year's boat, only bow is left besides himself, for he will row yet once again. Thus he has to pick at least six new men. Elin, of Third Trinity, who, by the way, is practising for the Colquhoun Sculls, is a certainty, and I have good grounds for believing that he will eventually

### Fill the Stroke Thwart,

be the result of the Cambridge trial eights what they may. It is early in the day to speak in this confident manner; but Elin is already stroke of the Third Trinity boat for the University (coxwainless) Fours, with Muttlebury behind him, the Eton No. 7 at No. 2 and Smythe bow. What is to beat this lot I fail to see, and Muttlebury will have plenty of opportunity of seeing what Elin is made of, for there

is no question that a man learns ten times the amount of

### Watermanship

in a four that he does in an eight. Pembroke have a good crew on.

At Oxford Guy Nickalls has already got one experimental trial eight out, and the river is lively with crews busy practising for the Coxwainless Fours. The fine show made at Henley by some of the Oxford College crews will give Nickalls plenty of material to choose from, though an *embarras de richesses* in this direction has before now proved a serious disadvantage. Personally, I would rather be the President with a limited choice. Very, very much lies in the after coaching and in the stroke; the great thing is to obtain good "raw material" to work upon. This is what the crack Putney clubs generally look for, and, somehow, they manage to turn out some good eights and fours.

### Surrey

on Monday afternoon gave Northamptonshire a tremendous hiding, at the Rugby game, their score being seven goals and seven tries to nothing. The Association

### Freshmen's Matches

at Oxford and Cambridge both ended in draws, the Oxonians scoring two goals and the Cantabs four goals, on each side. BANSHEE.

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## RHEUMATISM:

### HOW IT MAY BE CURED.

### A FREE TEST.

The constituents of the human frame would immediately decompose and fall into corruption were it not for the Divine controlling principle of Life itself. In proof whereof witness the rapid decay of a corpse. Even as it is, in life the substances of the system are continually decaying and wasting away, and would wither to nothingness were it not that, in point of fact, the body is continually undergoing reconstruction from material digestive products, derived from the food we eat.

Most of the waste of the body—decayed and rejected elements—are, in health, thrown out of the body through the skin, in the form of uric acid, which is a white, tasteless, and inodorous substance. This acid is nothing more than the nitrogenous salts of decayed matters in solution. Its retention in the body is fatal to health, as it decomposes—rots, as it were—thereby setting up disease. Thus are Rheumatism, Rheumatic Fever, Gout, and other functional disorders bred. They all of them have the same origin—viz., a poisonous or morbid element in the blood inimical to health, intensified or modified by the constitutional tendency of the person attacked.

Sudden chill or cold, as the result of exposure to inclement weather or damp surroundings, undoubtedly appears to cause Rheumatism: what, however, really does happen is that the minute canals, of which there are tens of thousands, leading to the pores of the outer or scarf skin contract and wholly or partially close, thus preventing the egress of the uric acid formed by nature from waste for ease in expulsion. What then happens is, that the imprisoned element becomes morbid and poisonous by decay, just as decaying vegetable matter does when it creates subtle miasmatic effluvia, the cause of malarial disease.

It is, unhappily, the case that even when the pores are afterwards opened the mischief has been done, and disease left behind, gaining greater power the longer it is neglected.

Where there is hereditary or imbibed contagion or impurity or predisposition to disease, then the disease is complicated, and assumes many virulent forms. It is to the deposition of a metallic salt in the joints that the agonising pain of severe Rheumatism is due.

It will, we think, be clear from the foregoing that, to be thoroughly efficacious, a remedy for Rheumatism, &c., must have specific neutralising or destructive power over poisonous and decaying elements in the blood. And as we have seen that even healthy matters decompose if too long retained in the blood, just as meat, fish, vegetables, &c., go bad if kept too long, why, it is certain that provision must be likewise made for the expulsion of such elements by a reflective curative action on the pores of the skin and the channels leading thereto.

Such beneficial and curative properties are possessed in the greatest degree by "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets." They have a specific control not only over the acrid blood poison which creates Rheumatism, &c., but over all other morbid blood poisons and impurities such as create Ulcers, Scrofula, Boils, Breakings-out, and Skin Diseases, so that they not only eliminate the rheumatic disease-element from the blood, but they likewise so purify and invigorate the blood as to greatly improve the general health. Their value does not, however, end here, since they possess a genial, expansive, and purifying influence on the pores of the skin and the minute canals leading thereto from the blood; these they free from obstructions and disease-taint, and relieve the contraction caused by sudden or prolonged chill. Hence they provide for the excretion through the skin out of the body of all matters inimical to health in the blood. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" have been proved by the surest of all tests—by the curative and relieving results effected—to be the safest, the surest, and most efficacious of all remedies for Rheumatism.

Sulphur is an old and valued remedy for Rheumatism, even though its effects are but in part attained by the hitherto prevailing methods of its use, whilst its nauseousness alone or in milk or treacle has greatly hindered and prevented its administration. Sulphur is a constituent in all waters, baths, spas, &c., where the curative treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, &c., is undertaken. In "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" Sulphur is incorporated with other curative and developing ingredients, so that these tablets far excel in efficacy Sulphur as usually taken. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are, moreover, as pleasant to the taste as confectionery; moreover, they contain no poisonous, harmful, or disagreeable ingredients, so that they are alike agreeable, safe, and efficacious. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in packets, price 1s. 1½d., post-free 1s. 3d., and may be obtained or ordered of Chemists, Stores, and Medicine Vendors.—Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C., who will send

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AT THE MOUTH OF THE COAL PIT: AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

## PERILS OF OUR COLLIERS.

The Government of the Queen will not have done its duty till it has made the perilous process of coal-mining safe. All who can read the signs of the times must perceive that Parliament will soon be forced by earnest and determined Labour M.P.'s of the fearless type of John Burns to bestir itself to right the wrongs of the industrious toilers of the kingdom. There is no class who better deserve to have their interests and their lives safeguarded than the hard-working coal-mining class, which suffered yet another disaster on the morning of the 16th of October at the Mossfield Colliery, Adderley Green, Longton, North Staffordshire.

* * * * *

The scene of the catastrophe, in which it is computed seventy-five men must have lost their lives, is known as the "Big Sal" pit, and is nearly 500 ft. in depth. It is worked by the firm of Messrs. Hawley and Bridgwood, and usually finds employment for 150 to 200 men. At a quarter to four in the morning, the time of the accident, 100 miners must have been in the workings, as well as twenty or thirty horses. The pit is worked in three seams, locally known as the Hard Mine, the Banbury, and the Cockshead, and it is in the last-named of these that it is supposed the explosion occurred. How it originated nobody at present knows, but the night and early morning were foggy, and the atmospheric conditions generally tended to make the work in the pit dangerous.

* * * * *

When the disaster occurred the sound of the explosion was so great that the houses in the vicinity were shaken to their foundations. Aroused by the report, the friends and relatives of the miners rushed in all haste to the pit bank, the numbers being soon swelled by hundreds of sightseers, who flocked to the colliery from all directions. Mr. James Potts, the manager, who lives near to the works, was one of the first to arrive at the pit bank. A cursory examination showed that the down shaft, as well as the fan, were uninjured, though the headgear of the upcast was damaged somewhat seriously. The first exploring party descended the pit at half past four, in charge of Mr. Potts. They found that the explosion had not affected the men who were working in the Hard mine, but on descending to the lower seams the dreadful nature of the catastrophe quickly became apparent. It was some time before an entrance could be obtained into the Cockshead working, owing to the fact that the air crossings had been blown down, making it absolutely inaccessible. About twenty-four bodies were found in the Banbury seam, and nearly the same number were discovered in the Cockshead working. The task of their removal was attended with many difficulties, and the fact that the gas was accumulating in large quantities made the work of the intrepid explorers, who descended in relays from time to time, more or less dangerous. Indeed, so convinced of the danger were Mr. Atkinson, her Majesty's Inspector of Mines, and Mr. Sawyer, his assistant, that at noon they were reluctantly compelled to give orders that the work of exploration must cease till midnight.

* * * * *

A remarkable escape is recorded. Among the colliers engaged in the mine at the moment of the catastrophe was a man named George Hewitt, who resides at Sandford-hill. He was working near a boarding or door, which had been fixed only a day or so previously for purposes connected with the mine. The force of the explosion caused the door to fall upon him, felling him to the ground. There he remained for a few seconds, and, although the gas took considerable effect on him, he was able to wriggle from underneath the door and rush towards the bottom of the shaft, which he reached in safety. He was immediately drawn to the surface, and there it was found that he was not at all seriously injured. Indeed, after a short lapse of time he was enabled to join the first exploring party, and to take the rescuers as near the scene of the explosion as could be reached with safety.

* * * * *

At a town's meeting held at Longton over £1000 was subscribed towards the relief of the sufferers. The Lord Mayor of London, in answer to an appeal to him to open a fund at the Mansion House for the relief of the widows and orphans of the miners who perished in the Longton colliery accident, has stated that he will be happy to receive and to forward to the Mayor of Longton any sums which the charitable public may entrust to him with that view.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL DELIBERATING ON MUSIC-HALL LICENSES: LORD ROSEBERY, SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, AND JOHN BURNS AS THE ADVOCATES OF COMMON SENSE.

Lord Rosebery is to be warmly congratulated upon his rational and considerate conduct of the special meeting of the London County Council called to settle the vexatious question of Music-Hall Licenses. Though suffering from neuralgia, his Lordship presided over the gathering of municipal representatives in the Common Council Chamber at Guildhall, and by his happy opening speech struck just the right keynote for the occasion. Our Artist was present at this important meeting on the 18th inst., and it will be seen that he faithfully delineates the most salient features.

* * * * *

The common-sense of the majority of the London County Council prevailed, we are glad to say. It was felt that, while Mr. McDougall was deserving of thanks for his personal efforts to suppress obscene songs, the Committee had exceeded its duty in endeavouring to boycott "The Stowaway," and to deprive the Westminster Aquarium and the Trocadero of their licenses. The upshot was that the licenses for both these places of amusement were renewed, the management having doubtless profited by the warnings received. Our Sketches show the noble President counselling Fairplay; Mr. Nathan Robinson lifting his voice against intolerance: Sir Charles Russell provoking mirth by his recital of the prohibited ditty, "In the Future," in the course of his eloquent and successful plea on behalf of the Trocadero; and plain-spoken John Burns (who is to be M.P. for Battersea) soundly rating the "unco' guid" for their persecution of the Westminster Aquarium, to which he gave a sound bill of health.

* * * * *

The whole argument was summed up so clearly by the Earl of Rosebery that his fair remarks should be quoted: The arguments which most weighed with him in the case were twofold. The first was whether they were applying a different standard to that which had hitherto been their touchstone. If they were, then the music-hall managers and proprietors ought to have had full warning (cheers). If they had not given warning, then they ran the danger of committing a considerable injustice by selecting two or three examples to demonstrate the purity of the standard, and strike terror into the others (applause). That was a dangerous course to take. The second point which came into his mind was that if, even at the cost of injustice, they did a great public good by refusing licenses, would they not run the risk of creating a reaction which would be fatal to their desire? What they must call to mind was the question as to the real character of these music-halls in former times, and ask themselves whether an improvement was apparent at the present time. They would remember Thackeray's descriptions of what these places were in his time, and he was sure a great advance was made upon what the Coal Hole used to be (applause). Gradually and slowly popular taste was being raised, and popular morality was giving signs of rising to a higher level as time went on. If he had given a vote it would, for the reasons he had stated, have been with the majority. They had given to all music-halls a solemn warning, and a considerable shaking had taken place among proprietors (laughter). The standard they meant to have was before the public; and at the same time they showed that they were not desirous of depriving innocent proprietors of a license under circumstances which they could not have had any reason for foreseeing at the beginning of the year (cheers).

## LONDON RAMBLES.—No. III.

I am selfish enough not to find pleasure in the talk one hears just now of improving Clare Market out of existence. One of the charms of London—which I fear future generations will not know—lies in the still rich store of surprises it holds for the Rambler in its unexpected contrasts, and of these few are stranger than that between Lincoln's Inn-fields, with its fine open space of green and its great buildings, and the little labyrinth of dirty streets, with their shabby shops — the Old Curiosity Shop still standing among them — and sadly shabbier passers-by, through which one reaches

### Clement's Inn

and the Strand. The sights one sees in the slums one would rather never see again, and yet, when they are gone, a certain something will have been taken from my favourite ramble. I like Clement's Inn, with its quiet quadrangles, and, indeed, there is a certain little three-storeyed house overlooking its one green square which I never pass without breaking the tenth Commandment. But though the stamp of age is set upon the old blackened houses, and though in its courts and passage-ways one breathes in an atmosphere of the past, I know of no special associations connected with it.

For associations and memories and the dear ghosts that haunt old London one must step past St. Clement's and the Law Courts, across the street, and then down Middle Temple-lane, with its row of old bow-windowed, gabled houses, into the courts and quadrangles, the walks and gardens of

### The Temple.

I often think the people who have always lived in London, who cannot remember exactly when they first turned from Fleet-street into this peaceful inclosure, are much to be pitied. I can never forget how, when I first came up to London, on the very night of my arrival in town, I found my way here, and wandered, as if in a dream, from one court, long familiar though I had never before seen it, to another, until, by the same happy chance which had brought me to the Temple, I came upon

### Goldsmith's Grave.

I knew it was there; and yet how strange and utterly impossible it seemed for me to be standing by it! It carried me with one step from the present to the past. It is for this reason I can understand Lamb better than a true Cockney when, writing of the place where he was born and lived the first seven years of his life, he says: "What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time, the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet-street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample square, its classic green recesses!"

### Chaucer, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Lamb.

Classic they truly are. For here Chaucer gave his Franciscan the famous beating, and, if it is doubted by the accurate and literal man, I, for my part, will ever believe it. Here Beaumont must often have come and gone in his student days; here Goldsmith, when there was money to spend, had the chambers with the fine furniture, wore his suit of Tyrian bloom satin grain, and that other "lined with silk and furnished with gold buttons," and gave dinners to Johnson and suppers to all his friends, until Blackstone, busy over his Commentaries below, complained of the racket made by his "revelling neighbour"; here Johnson had his rooms, of which so many tales are told—uncouth, one visitor called them; another, dirty—where, in his immortal rusty-brown suit, shrivelled wig, and untidy shoes and stockings, he was discovered over his breakfast at one o'clock in the day; here Boswell for ever came on worship bent and in search of copy; here Fielding worked; and here poor Cowper sought to bring his work and life to an end for evermore. And Elia, whom we all love, was, as I have already said, born in the Temple, to which he returned many years later with Mary Lamb, and was there established to his own great satisfaction in the rooms he described to Manning: "My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent cold with brandy, and not very insipid without."

MIDDLE TEMPLE LANE.

### Sir Roger De Coverley.

And who are the other old friends who come to greet us as we linger in the courts, upon which seventeenth-century houses still look down, and in the garden where children play on summer evenings? "Sir Roger De Coverley," writes Thackeray, "walking in the Temple Garden, and discoursing with Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as lively a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels, on their way to Dr. Goldsmith's in Brick-court; or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles, and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles for the 'Covent Garden Journal,' while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage."

### Pendennis and Tom Pinch.

And as real as Sir Roger are Pendennis and Warrington working for the *Pall Mall Gazette* in Lamb-court, where the Major's man Morgan wondered how a gentleman could live! "Good God!" said the Major when he came, "the poor boy mustn't live here!" And as real are Tom Pinch and Ruth and her lover; and indeed, if you doubt it, you can go and look for yourself at the fountain which so merrily splashed and played as they passed by with their hearts full of love.

For much has been left untouched in the Temple—much, that is, for these days, when the demon of destruction is abroad in the land. New buildings, it is true, have been erected, and in them there is not the short supply of water of Pendennis's time, when it was a "cosmetic fetched in jugs by laundresses and bed-makers." But to the new buildings, at least, the old names cling; and how many of the courts have changed but little, if at all, since Johnson and Boswell, or Charles and Mary Lamb, walked through them! And there are the halls where countless dinners have been eaten, and the church with its beautiful porch and the tombs of the Templars within. And, above all, there is the

### Old-World Quiet,

the feeling of rest beneath the trees that shade the old houses and the quadrangles they inclose. The last time I was there the leaves were falling fast, and lay brown and withered on the brick-paved courts, and the sky above was grey and gloomy. But somehow I liked the place better in its autumn melancholy than in its summer gaiety, when children scream and laugh on the green, and play as if it had been made but for them. Yet this is mere selfishness after all, for who can gauge the heartiness of the poor little ones' enjoyment of the revel on the grass when the greater part of their lives has been spent in grimy courts and squalid tenements in and around Drury-lane?

RAMBLER.

## THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

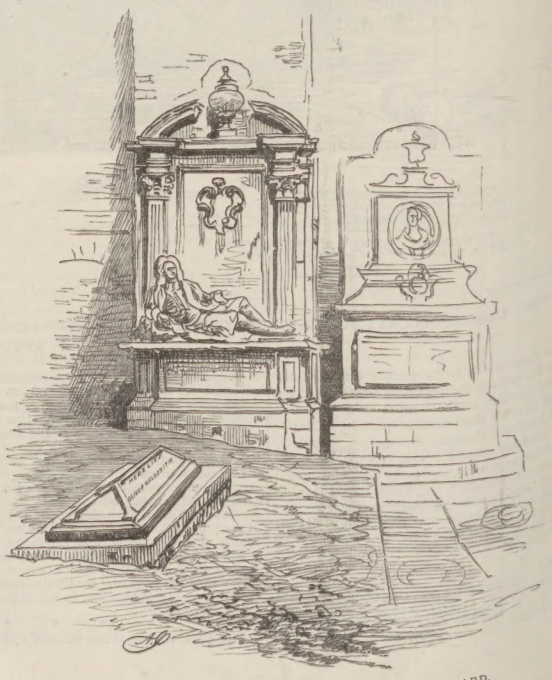
### The Mounted Infantry and Cyclists

were pitted against each other in the country between Hatfield and Barnet last Saturday night, and neither side can be said to have found the circumstances very propitious for the display of their respective qualities. The business was really an outpost line formed by the 3rd Middlesex Rifles, attacked by the London Scottish. The latter had the Cyclists, and the former the Mounted Infantry. There seemed to be difficulty from the very first, in that the fundamental principle had been neglected by the 3rd Middlesex—that night outposts should be placed in position sufficiently long before dark to allow of officers and men getting a clear notion of how they are placed, how their position may be approached, how they communicate with other pickets, and how their line of retreat lay. It is of no use starting to get this information when the daylight has gone; and that is what one officer must have been doing when he sent off some men in thick darkness to find out "where that path led to."

### The Wheelmen were Out of their Element

in outpost work of this kind. At the beginning, as the Scottish advanced in the last of the daylight, they were able to do a bit of scouting, but after dark they were nowhere. If they used their lamps, their presence in front or on the cross-roads was at once revealed, if they "doused the glim," they might

THE FOUNTAIN, MIDDLE TEMPLE.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S TOMB, IN THE TEMPLE CHURCHYARD.

run right into the arms of the enemy's parties, perhaps break their necks in the muddy roads, and certainly be in danger of a Monday morning interview with "his worship" for riding without lamps. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the cyclists did not show very brilliantly in this business. And the

**Mounted Men were not Much Better.**

Above all things, outposts should be quiet, and, while keeping perfect touch with their own people, study not to attract the attention of other people. But when you have horses clattering along all the roads, you might just as well send up rockets to let the enemy know where you are. One is puzzled to know how an outpost commander could best oblige his opponent—by using lighted cycles or galloping cavalry on resonant roads. The latter were misused on Saturday, but generally the 3rd Middlesex M.I. are a fine lot—with, however,

**One Hopeless Idiot Among Them.**

What else he may have done I do not know; but once, having managed to get in rear of a party of the enemy, he became aware of the fact, and galloped like a maniac along the road to his lines, and through a party of the Scottish, perfectly indifferent to the fact that their dozen rifles could certainly have settled him, and that the umpires loudly ordered him to stop. He evidently thought no small beer of this fool's exploit, and merrily tinkled the cycle bell he had brought out in order to delude the enemy's cyclists. Such

**Child's Play**

should be stopped in a corps like the 3rd Middlesex. Tricks in outpost work make outpost work not worth practising, and remind me of a crack cavalry regiment at Aldershot which used always to send out a mounted officer's servant in mufti to scout for it. It is strange how unfairly some men like to play. That they destroy plans and first principles is nothing to such numskulls.

**The Hythe Volunteer Class**

will not reach the proportions desired if the rest of the Volunteers do not contribute more officers than the Scottish battalions will send. There are about fifty battalions in Scotland, and sixteen of them are going to send one each to be trained as musketry instructors. At this rate the whole number will be about sixty instead of two hundred. The reason of the small response is, of course, the time of year chosen. Fancy asking Volunteer officers to give up a month or six weeks from business at a time which includes Christmas and the opening of the new year!

**District Musketry Inspectors**

are to be appointed to look after the practice of the Volunteers, and try what they can to improve it. Trained marksmen themselves, they must effect something, if only they can get the ranges for the men. This difficulty presents itself in many ways. Looking over the reports of the musketry for last year, I see that, of 212 battalions classified, the Kilmarnock battalion, which made the best musketry show, has eight ranges; the Alnwick battalion, second, ten; and the 2nd Edinburgh, third, only one. I believe the last-named corps are all teetotalers, and that may account for their good use of one opportunity. But going further over the list, the Argyle battalion, coming out 22nd, has thirteen shooting places; the Buchan battalion, 62nd, sixteen; the Dorsetshire, 111th, eleven; and the Angus, 209th, eight. These ranges must be awfully hard to get at, and a lot of them are only fit for third-class firing.

**The Civil Service Rifles**

have got leave to change their uniform from the dark grey worn for thirty years to the light grey of the Artists. But the blue facings and black belts are to be stuck to. The alteration is in hope that more men will join; but the fact is, the Civil Service want stirring up in several ways. There is always too much attention given to the whims of the members. Once upon a time I saw the Civil Service and Bank of England Corps formed for inspection as a battalion of eleven companies of fourteen files. Inquiring why this astounding formation, I was told they liked to keep the "offices" together. I always thought battalions were formed of companies, not of offices.

**The 21st Middlesex want Recruits,**

and on the 4th proximo intend to beat up Islington for them with a meeting at Myddelton Hall. It is nineteen years since the North Middlesex did the same thing in the same place, and got a second Islington company. But where is the old Islington Corps—the old 7th Middlesex? The upset of that promising little corps, many years ago, was a bad bit of business.

EYES FRONT.

COLLAPSE OF THE MUSIC HALL CENSORS OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

**The Ills that Flesh is Heir to** are enumerated in "Bayley's Medical Dictionary," which also gives simple remedies for common ailments.

THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in CADBURY'S COCOA.—[ADVT.]

KOPTICA CURES RHEUMATISM KOPTICA CURES SCIATICA KOPTICA CURES LUMBAGO KOPTICA CURES NEURALGIA

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

KOPTICA CURES GOUT

An INTERNAL REMEDY for INTERNAL COMPLAINTS. THE PUREST, BEST, AND SAFEST CURE.

**KOPTICA** the famous Persian Herbal Extract, an infallible curative specific for RHEUMATISM, RHEUMATIC GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, FACEACHE, CRAMP, TIC-DOLOREUX, BLOTCHES ON THE SKIN, SCURVY SORES, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, and all DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. INVALUABLE IN RHEUMATIC FEVER. The only absolute and permanent cure ever yet discovered for these distressing ailments, because it eradicates the CAUSE, and does not merely tinker with the EFFECT, as all "external remedies" do.

**KOPTICA** is guaranteed *free* from Strychnine, Arsenic, Colchicum, Belladonna, Henbane, Aconite, and all other injurious drugs, and can, therefore, be taken by the most delicate with the greatest confidence that it is thoroughly harmless. Severe attacks of FACIAL NEURALGIA have been permanently cured within twenty-four hours, while the most inveterate cases of RHEUMATIC GOUT invariably give way to a very short treatment. Also in DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and other serious maladies it has proved most successful. **KOPTICA** has a pleasant taste, is easy to take, causes no derangement of the digestive or other organs, and no alteration in diet is necessary.

**KOPTICA**

IS MARVELLOUSLY EFFICACIOUS IN ALL CASES OF RHEUMATISM.

**KOPTICA**

SPEEDILY ERADICATES RHEUMATIC GOUT.

**KOPTICA**

is an internal remedy for internal complaints; and by its wonderful resolvent properties, disperses and eradicates the morbid conditions from which such diseases spring, scientifically combating the cause, while the numberless "Ointments," "Lotions," "Salves," "Embrocations," and "Oils" upon which the uninstructed public waste their money only tinker with the effect, without doing any material or permanent good.

**KOPTICA.** If you are suffering from any of the above ailments, send at once to your nearest Chemist for a bottle. It will afford you SPEEDY RELIEF. IT NEVER FAILS; and the trifling expenditure of **1s. 1½d.** will save you vast sums which would otherwise go to enrich the doctors. If your Chemist has not got **KOPTICA** in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; but if you have any difficulty, you had better send us the stamps for the amount, with 2d. extra for postage, and we will send you the sample bottle by return. **KOPTICA** is also put up in larger parcels, for family use, **2s. 9d.** and **4s. 6d.** per bottle, these containing respectively four times and six times the smaller quantity. Send at once to your Chemist for a sample, or make a note of the address of the Sole Proprietors,

"KOPTICA CURE," 392, Strand, London, W.C.

READ. READ. READ.

Mr. SAMUEL FRENCH, the well-known dramatic publisher, writes:—

"89, Strand, London, W.C.; April 13, 1889.

"Gentlemen,—About three years ago I was attacked with RHEUMATISM in my left knee so severely that it was with great difficulty I could attend to my business; my family doctor attended me for some time, but without affording me any relief. I then consulted an eminent specialist in Harley-street, and was under treatment for some time. I spared no expense to obtain relief, because, independent of the pain I suffered, I was terribly inconvenienced, and yet, after paying several pounds on doctors' fees and expenses, I found myself no better, but much reduced in strength by the treatment I had undergone. I therefore concluded that I was fated to be a long-time sufferer, and had so made up my mind, when an old friend who had tried KOPTICA, and knew its value, strongly advised me to try it. I was, as you may imagine, rather sceptical that such a simple form of remedy could do for me what clever doctors and expensive treatment had failed to do; but my friend's faith was so strong that I was induced to purchase a bottle of KOPTICA, and commenced to take it in accordance with the directions. I did so much in the same spirit that a drowning man grasps at a straw, but feeling sure, from what my friend told me, that it could not do me any harm should it fail to relieve me. Judge then my surprise and gratitude when I found that within three days I was entirely free from pain, and have not since had a return. I was, of course, delighted, and lost no time in spreading the news amongst my own circle. One lady suffered from Neuralgia; I sent her a bottle of KOPTICA, and when next I met her her face was radiant with joy at the relief it had afforded her. Another friend, a gentleman, suffered from Rheumatism, and I sent him a bottle, with a similar result. I could enumerate quite a dozen similar instances within my own knowledge, besides many cases that I have heard of from others. With regard to myself, my knee has been entirely free since the time I refer to—now more than three years since. I felt a slight symptom in one of the toes of my right foot about three months ago, but a few doses of KOPTICA soon set that right; and I am now as active and energetic as a man of my age could expect to be. To strangers I have endeavoured to describe but quite convinced me that KOPTICA is a thoroughly genuine and reliable remedy, at all events for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and kindred complaints."

READ. READ. READ.

A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATIC GOUT.

"2, King-street, Camden Town; May 9, 1889.

"For some years past I have been a sufferer from Rheumatic Gout. About three weeks ago I had a very severe attack. I tried all the usual remedies without any good result. My son, Mr. C. H. Fox, of 25, Russell-street, Covent-garden, gave me a bottle of your KOPTICA, which I may say has acted like a charm. In forty-eight hours I was free from all pain. I am very grateful to you for this, and think I am only doing my duty by writing and letting you know.—Faithfully yours,

"CHARLOTTE FOX."

A gentleman sent a bottle of KOPTICA to a friend in California, and received the following characteristic acknowledgment, which he forwards us for publication:—

"Los Gatos Santa Clara Co., California: April 28, 1889.

"Brother S.,—Yours with KOPTICA came to hand in due time, and KOPTICA was received with much doubt and scepticism; but, as the 'dish' caught me in a few days, and it had come so far, I thought I would give it a chance, and did so—double dose at a time—and for some cause in two days was on deck. A few days after it came again, and I at once took KOPTICA to suit in, and experienced immediate relief. To-day it is on the other (left) side, and in milder form, and if 'K.' knocks it over the ropes again, I shall be ready to present the hand and shout 'Long Live KOPTICA.'

"YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

Subsequently the same correspondent writes:—

"Los Angeles: May 6, 1889.

"'Hurrah for KOPTICA!' I am more limber than I have been for many a year. If I could reduce my waist-band ten or twenty inches, I would be ready to run in or after a foot race with anyone.

"YOUR BROTHER SAWYER."

THESE ARE THE SORT OF LETTERS WE RECEIVE DAILY.

"SPLENDID REMEDY."

7, Newhall-street, Birmingham:

"May 20, 1889.

"Mr. Boardman will thank you to kindly send some KOPTICA to Miss Alice Fairman, 61, Brighton-road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. Stamps enclosed. This makes the third bottle sent through me in a week—SPLENDID REMEDY."

ANTS BOTH BOTTLE

"Heathland-road, near Leigh-on-Sea, Essex:

"June 4, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—Will you please forward me another bottle of your excellent medicine, KOPTICA? I am pleased to say my wife, after being laid up for three weeks, was able yesterday to walk up the garden without the help of anyone—the result of one bottle of your KOPTICA. Please send by return of post, as the other is nearly gone.—Yours truly,

"JAMES FOSSEY."

"MARVELLOUS EFFECT."

"St. John's Church, Grove-street, London E.:

"August 12, 1889.

"Gentlemen,—I am happy to inform you that the bottles of KOPTICA which you kindly presented to me for the sick poor of this parish have been used with the best effect, in one instance with quite a marvellous effect: the patient, suffering from neuralgia, very soon enjoyed his first night's rest for months, and was completely relieved.—I am, yours faithfully,

"DANIEL RADFORD."

"AFTER TEN YEARS' PAIN AND MISERY."

"141, Colegrave-road, Stratford:

"Sept. 20, 1889.

"Gentlemen,—Your remedy KOPTICA has proved a blessing to me, and no doubt will to numerous others. I have given it a month's trial, after ten years of pain and misery, brought about by kidney and liver troubles, the poison settling in my limbs. All other advertised remedies of no avail.—Yours respectfully,

"MCCAUSLAND."

We have said enough to show that KOPTICA must not be confounded with the many bogus nostrums which are a cruel imposition upon the public, but that it is a genuine remedy which ought to be in every household for use when required; for it is without doubt the best and most reliable medicine of the age for the diseases named.

Ask your Chemist for KOPTICA, and if he has not got it in stock, and he is an obliging man, he will get it for you; if not, send stamps, and 2d. extra for postage, to the Sole Proprietors,

"KOPTICA CURE," 392, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

CHARACTER SKETCHES FROM MR. TREE'S LATEST SUCCESS, "A MAN'S SHADOW," AT THE HAYMARKET.—See "Thespis."

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I think that a great many women are now proving that it is the clever men, not the fools, they were made to match. Look how women with brains in their heads and hearts in their bosoms are coming to the front in order to help their

### Suffering and Oppressed Sisters!

A great many people, and good people too, who have never studied that intricate problem political

LADY DILKE.
CHAMPION OF HER POOR SISTERS' RIGHTS.

economy, believe that to help anyone means to give money: but real help means much more than sympathy and almsgiving. But the poor women who are now working in London and the big provincial towns at

### Starvation Wages

want a great deal more than sympathy and charity. Have you been reading about the victims of the "Sweating System" in the *Daily Telegraph* lately? I hope so, although the revelations are terrible. We have a great many philanthropic women among us, and one of the most clear-sighted and sensible of them is Lady Dilke, whose portrait I have the pleasure of reproducing. I have just been reading a speech she made on Oct. 14, at Cradley, after her visit to the

### Nail and Chain Makers

of the district. She is very much in favour of trades-unions for women, and I must tell you some of the good things she said. She found that the women in the Cradley districts were badly paid, but that the sack-makers of Dundee were far worse off, for it was with the greatest difficulty they could earn two shillings and two and sixpence a week.

### Charity,

instead of helping such people, did them an injury, for it prevented thorough organisation, and the desire to help themselves. She also said that she wished to see the women more independent and anxious to get full wages from their employers rather than to receive help from the charitable. I should like to see Lady Dilke's speech reprinted in

### A Tract

and scattered broadcast through the country.

THE PRETTIEST BONNET OF THE MONTH.

I go with her heartily, and I should like the world of women to go with her too, in her firm belief that as regards men and women there are no

### Separate Interests.

The interest of women must be the same as those of their husbands, fathers, and brothers; they could not be separate, and any action of the women which tended to bring down men's wages was unjustifiable and immoral. There were two subjects which I wish Lady Dilke has seen fit to touch upon. One is emigration; the other, the

### Difficult and Delicate

question of the too rapid increase of the population. The latter is becoming very serious indeed for England. Only this very morning I was reading about one of those poor and half-starved workwomen of London who make match-boxes for

### Twopence-farthing a Gross,

and nail-boxes for twopence. She was expecting the arrival of her thirteenth child; but, happily for herself and for them, six out of the thirteen were dead. How is it possible for the seven who remain to be reared into

### Strong and Healthy

men and women? Not one hour of their child-life will be spent under proper sanitary conditions, and the moral atmosphere will probably be as deadly as the physical. Will they then be so blameworthy if

### Their Children

by-and-by are morally, mentally, and physically many grades below their parents? People with courage enough to think freely on these subjects for themselves have very rarely the courage to pass beyond the thinking stage. What is everyone's business is

### Nobody's Business,

and we have to stand silently by while the dear, good, but intensely stupid and illogical Puritans quote in great triumph that text "Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full." But perhaps I ought to

### Apologise

for writing in so serious a strain this week, and yet I do not like to pay you all the bad compliment of supposing that you are interested in frivolous subjects only. I am quite sure it is not the case.

### The Prettiest October Bonnet

I have seen is the one I am permitted to copy from the *Lady's Pictorial*, which is so great a favourite with the fair sex. It has but one blemish—the bird, which yet makes it look piquant. Somehow, I can't bear to think these feathered beauties have been killed for the embellishment of ladies' headdresses. For a' that, I must confess this particular bonnet took my fancy. It is one of the new designs forthcoming from Messrs. Houghton, Muriel, & Co.'s, of Edgware-road. It is justly claimed for it that it is generally becoming. Crown of black velvet, it is draped with black Chantilly lace; and at the sides are folds of old-rose velvet, covered with an embroidery of fine jet open-work, and ornamented with a small bird of black plumage. The fully pleated front is also of old-rose velvet; while the strings are of narrow black velvet, brought from the centre of the crown at the back.

"LITTLE SNOWDROP."
A Gem of an Autumn Dress.

### The Little Snowdrop Costume

I have likewise borrowed from the *Lady's Pictorial* has also caught my fancy mightily. This charming design (fabricated by Messrs. Dickens and Jones, of Regent-street) is a dainty little walking-costume for a child from two to four years old. It can be obtained in plain or figured cream cloth, bordered with white Thibet lamb, and finished with a girdle to match. The pretty Kate Greenawayish bonnet is of cream cloth to match, with cream ribbon bows and strings, and a full front of lace. Quite a gem of a dress.

Since we had our little chat upon smoking for women, a good deal more has been written upon the subject; and two of the leading actresses of the day have given their opinions of the now

### Injurious Practice.

Miss Ellen Terry says: "Smoking will not make a nice girl nicer"; and Miss Nelly Farren emphatically denounces the custom as "beastly and disgusting." Now, these two clever women know perfectly well what they are talking about: they have not, either of them, led restful, quiet lives, and yet they have not rushed to

### Tobacco

as a solace or a nerve cure. In a clever series of lectures delivered lately on the interesting subject of "Heredity," Dr. Symes Thompson drew a woful picture of what the children of two inveterate smokers would probably turn out. I have already said that I do not think it wrong for women to

### Smoke

if they like; but I know that if I were a man nothing would tempt me to marry a girl who was in the habit of smoking. I dare say it does not do as much harm as some of the doctors would make us believe; but it is a

### Dirty Habit,

and women ought always to be neat and dainty. At least that is the opinion of

MARGUERITE.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
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## CYCLE & CAMERA

### Sociable Cycling.

I am sorry October has nearly come to an end. There is no better month for cycling, though here in England the weather, perhaps, is more unreliable than in the summer. But the few rides I have had have been the next thing to perfection: cool bracing air, soft autumn sunshine (as Jefferies calls it), yellowing trees, and here and there the brilliant colouring of the late flowers; and if the days are short, there is the pleasure of the long evening's rest over a good fire.

On the Continent it is better still, for the weather is more settled. I have ridden in France and Italy in October, and nothing could be more delightful. In Italy the roses are still in bloom, and only the nights are cold. The only drawback is that the road-menders have been or are at work, and occasionally you have to walk. But if you are not a record-breaker, you do not mind this so much.

Someone has just sent me a roll of American cycling papers, from which I gather one or two items of interest here. In the first place I read that "Photography in connection with cycling has become quite an institution"—a fact which the very name of this column shows that even here we realised some time ago.

But I was even more interested in reading a long account of "Women as Bicyclists." In England the Safety has not become popular among women riders with that rapidity which one might have hoped for. Of course women have been expert and enthusiastic tricyclists for some years. We have all seen Mrs. Smith, of Surrey Machinists' fame, on the race-track, and we have heard of the long tours made by other women. I publish this week the photograph of one who with her husband, on a tandem, rode through England, France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, making quite the longest straight-away tandem tour on record. Only a short time ago Kate D. in *Bicycling News* gave an account of the run she took with her father and brother through Wales. But there is no use of multiplying proofs of a perfectly well-known fact.

THE RIDERS OF THE LONGEST CYCLE TANDEM TOUR ON RECORD.

When the Safety was made so that women could ride it, I thought it would at once revolutionise the sport among them, as its first introduction did among men. The *Cyclist* lately, in celebrating its first decade, and speaking of the growth and development of which it has been the witness, points out this "complete upheaval of cycling ideas" which followed the first appearance of the geared Safety so effectually that now it has almost driven the old "Xtra" from the road.

But somehow women did not give up their tricycles so readily. One great objection to the Safety seemed the difficulty of mounting: what can be done very easily in knickerbockers is another matter when attempted in skirts. A friend of mine whose wife had ridden thousands of miles on a tricycle told me she had, after several trials, given up the Safety in despair.

But the difficulty is really less than it seemed. In America, where the roads in many parts of the country are not as good as they might be, women naturally were quicker to surmount it, realising the advantage of a one-tracked machine. The paper sent me records the longest ride ladies have as yet taken on bicycles. Three, accompanied by three men riders, went from Philadelphia to Gettysburg, a three-days run, and back again. As part of the way they trained it, one is not very much overcome by their performance. As long rides have already been taken here by women on tandem Safeties.

Lately, indeed, the Safety for women is beginning to grow in favour here, and a little paragraph which appeared in the *Cyclist* of last week, I believe, will do much to hasten its final success. "A member of our staff reports," it says, "for the encouragement of would-be lady Safetyists, that he has been successful in teaching a lady—who has not ridden a cycle of any description for several years—to ride one of J. K. Starley and Co.'s lady Rover Safeties in three short lessons, the first of these being given by no better light than that afforded by a half-obscured moon. It may be stated that getting a machine of proper reach, comfortable, and of easy steering is half the battle."

This is encouraging. Of course the tandem is much more easily mounted, for then the rear rider holds it while the woman gets on the saddle and arranges her skirts—those wretched skirts, which are the chief hindrance to woman's attainment of her rights.

The two chief cycling events this week have been the London Tricycle Club dinner at the Criterion, with Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson presiding, and the Kentish Town Literary Society's Cycling Conference, opened by Mr. Charles W. Hartung, of the Stanley Club and Society of Cyclists. I regret I have not time to add a few words about it before the Paper goes to press, but I hope to have something to say next week.

N.C.U.

## THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

### CHRISTIANIA.—No. II.

*(By our Roving Commissioner.)*

Farther down the Carl Johans-gade, on the right hand as you go towards the palace, is the large classical range of buildings belonging to the University. This institution is a modern one, dating from 1811. It has a library of 150,000 volumes, a fine collection of Northern antiquities, and also collections botanical, anatomical, ethnographical, &c. At the back of the University buildings is a great object of interest, in the shape of the

### Viking's Ship.

This vessel, 800 years old, is just like those in which the Vikings crossed the North Sea, sailed up the English rivers, harried the English coasts, and besieged London. The Viking's Ship was found in 1880, in the little hamlet of Gokstad, at the entrance of the Christiania Fiord. A tumulus had long stood there, reported to contain treasure, which, in this year 1880, some of the people on a neighbouring farm determined to seek. They dug and dug, and in due time exposed a trench which revealed a boat's stem, and in a few weeks the whole of the beautiful ship was disinterred. It was removed to Christiania—a sum of money being voted for that purpose by the Storthing—and placed in the shed behind the University, where she may now be seen. She is 80 ft. long, 16 ft. wide at the broadest part, and about 4 ft. deep. She carried a mast and sail, and her bulwark is pierced on either side by sixteen openings for oars. She probably carried about seventy men. Her lines are beautiful, all the work well executed, and no modern shipbuilder could produce a much better craft.

### The Royal Palace,

which is the abode of the King whenever he visits his Norwegian capital, is a finely situated but very plain pile, at the end of the Carl Johans-gade. Other noteworthy buildings are the old Townhall in the Raadhusgade (or Townhall-street), the Athenæum, Freemasons' Hall, two theatres, the observatory, military, naval, and art schools.

### The Schools

in Christiania are excellent; and I have never seen better provision for technical instruction than I saw in a technical institute for mechanics which I went over once in that city. The Botanic Gardens are of special interest, since they contain collections of plants from Spitzbergen and Iceland.

In most Continental cities the churches are few and poorly attended; but this is not the case in Christiania. Indeed, it was only with great difficulty that I could make my way inside the crowded porch of a Christiania church one bright Sunday morning. The service is very bare as compared with the Catholic or Anglican liturgies. There is usually a pretty good organ, but the long psalm tunes which are sung weary you, and most of the voices seem to be rather harsh. The interest taken in the service, however, is deep, and everyone listens intently to the sermon. The

In the Battle of this Life practise sterling honesty of purpose: without it you will find your life is a sham. Use care in examining each bottle of Eno's Fruit Salt, or you are liable to have foisted on you a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.—[Advt.]

preacher looks very like one of the Elizabethan divines of Puritan proclivities with whose portraits we are familiar: a long black Genevan gown, a white ruff round the neck, and a pointed beard, just as the Elizabethan clergy dressed and looked. The women of the congregation, too, prepare themselves as elaborately as does the pastor for the Sunday service. Peculiar headdresses of white, and hair arranged in so many shining braids that I used to speculate, when sitting behind one of these pleasant-looking girls, how long she took to do her back hair up. When the regular service is over, a christening or a catechising is very likely to take place. Of the

### Christiania Churches,

the oldest is the Akers Church, dating back to the eleventh century, and recently restored. The chief church is the Cathedral, built of brick in the shape of a Greek cross, and with a distinctly impressive interior. The churches, as I have said, are well filled in the morning of Sundays; but in the evening the people of Christiania give themselves up to mild enjoyments. Sometimes on Sunday a very good concert is given. I myself had the pleasure of hearing Madame Trebelli sing at a Sunday afternoon concert at Christiania to an audience so enthusiastic that the celebrated cantatrice had much ado to tear herself away from her devoted admirers when she passed out to her carriage. Bands, too, play on Sunday evenings; people walk on the Akers-hus ramparts; some take boat and go out on the fiord, and others go to some garden, where they drink light beer and listen to music. The Christiania Sunday is a sort of cross between the Continental Sunday and the English Sunday, eschewing for both the weary toil of the former and the dull gloom of the latter. The shops are closed—it is a day of rest—and most people repair to morning church: but in the latter part of the day every opportunity is afforded for culture and recreation. I think it quite the most rational and pleasant Sunday I have ever experienced.

We always like to know how people live in a city, what they do, how they make their money, and so forth. Well, Christiania, although not a London or a New York, not even a Glasgow or a Marseilles, is a

### Considerable Commercial Centre.

When you sail up to the quays at which the steamer lands, you see a great many vessels lading and unlading cargo; and the quays are scenes of busy life. It is the first port in Norway, and many hundreds of vessels load and discharge here, despite the fact that for three months in the year the harbour is locked in ice. Weaving, cotton-spinning, paper-making, brewing, soap-making are among the principal industries. There are also several distilleries, tobacco factories, and oil and saw works. As at all Norwegian ports, a good deal of timber is shipped here. Christiania is one of the two or three towns in Norway where there is a proletarian element, and where there is a little Socialistic propaganda. On the other hand, there is a considerable Conservative and Monarchical element in the City. While rural Democracy is the rule throughout Norway, in the capital there are wealthy and retired people who form whatever of a Conservative party there is in Norway. The Government officials, the wealthy traders, and the people who make up "society" in this little capital belong to that class. Norway is a good deal removed from our modern controversies, for it is a poor country, and economically far behind in the race. But two of the foremost of modern novelists—Björnsterne and Ibsen—are Norwegians, and none has entered more heartily into the discussion of modern problems than have they. Björnsterne, indeed, is one of the Democratic leaders in Norway; and have we not all heard in London lately about Ibsen and his dramas? As may be supposed,

### The Environs of Christiania

are exceedingly beautiful. A more lovely picture than that obtained from the so-called King's View at Krokieven, where, from a high platform among the rocks, the eye travels down over the towering pines which line the slope to the beautiful fiord with its rocky islands, and the opposite shores covered with verdure, it would be hard to find near any other European city. Another pleasant spot is the Oscar's Hall, a white building with a conspicuous white tower, situated in lovely grounds on an eminence by the fiord overlooking the city. It was built by Oscar I., and sold by Charles XV. to the Norwegian Government, and is still preserved for Royal use. The railway journey on leaving Christiania for Sweden discloses some exceedingly beautiful views, which the slow pace of the train enables you take in as you go by.

I will add that the greater part of Christiania is built of brick and stone, but that many small houses and places in the suburbs are built of wood, as is the almost universal custom in the smaller towns of Norway: that the city is very healthy, that the water is good, and the mean average annual temperature is 41 deg. C.


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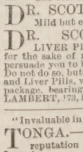

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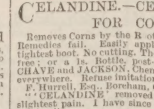

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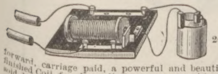

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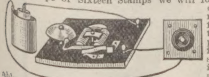

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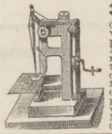

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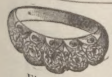

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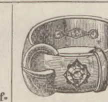

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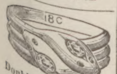

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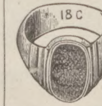

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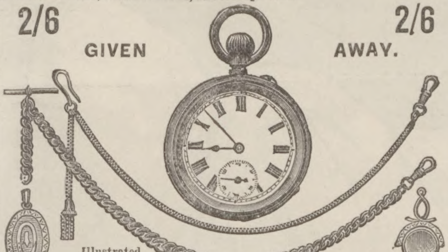

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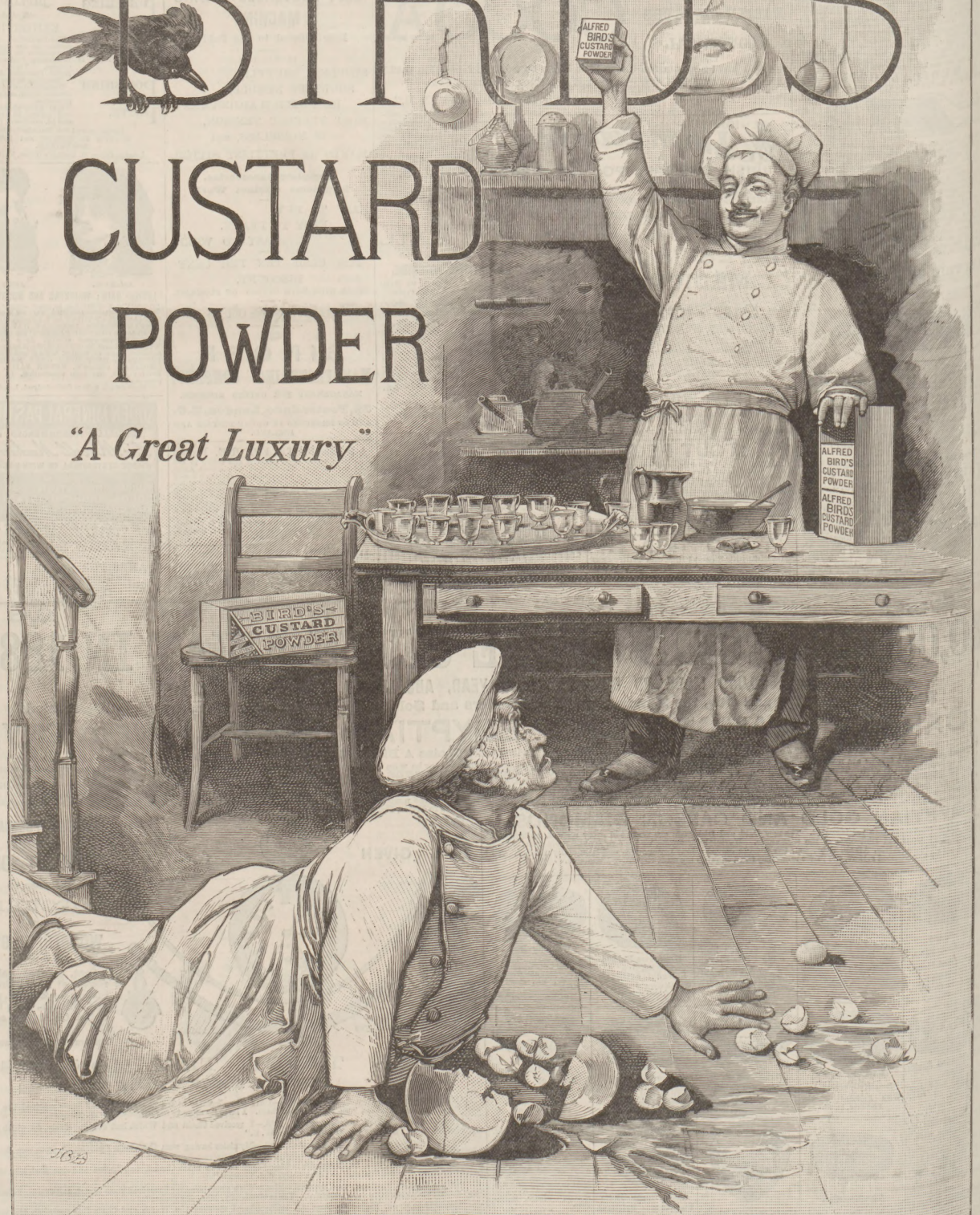


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